RECREATION

FOR R. H. Stockard

Ingenious Head-peeces.

OR, A

Pleasant Grove

FOR THEIR

WITS TO WALK IN.

Of { *Epigrams*, 700. / *Epitaphs*, 200. / *Fancies*, a number. / *Fantasticks*, abundance.

With their Addition, Multiplication, and Division.

Mart. *Non cuique datur habere nasum.*

LONDON, Printed by *M: Simmons*, in *Aldersgate*-Street. 1654.



WITT'S RECREATIONS refined Augmented, with Ingenious CONCEITES for the wittie, And Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie.

See the next Page.











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Ad Lectorem.

THis little Book is like a furniſht Feaſt;
And hath a diſh, I hope, to pleaſe each gueſt.
Here thou may'ſt find ſome good and ſolid fare;
If thou lov'ſt pleaſant junkets, here they are;
Perhaps ſharp ſawces take thee moſt; if ſo,
I have Cooke for thee ſome ſharp ſawces too;
But if thy ſquemiſh ſtomack can like none,
No body hinders thee, thou may'ſt be gone.

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The *Stationer* to the *Reader*.

IF new, or old wit, pleaſe the Reader beſt,
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our Gueſt
The new, was fram'd to humour ſome mens taſt
Which if they like not, they may carve the laſt
Each diſh hath ſawce belongs to't; and you wi
By your diſlike, cenſure the Authors skill;
Yet if you cannot ſpeake well of it, ſpare
To utter your diſlike, that the like ſnare
May entrap others; ſo the Booke may be
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neat fallacie:
That's all I aske, yet 'twill your goodneſs raiſe,
If as I gaine your coyne, he may your praiſe.

EPI

EPIGRAMS.

1. *To the Reader.*

EXcuſe mee Reader, though I now and than,
In ſome light lines, doe ſhew my ſelfe a man;
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the language of an Epigramme.

2. *On Battus.*

Battus doth brag he hath a world of Books,
His Studies maw holds more then well it may,
But ſeld' or never, he upon them looks,
And yet he looks upon them every day.
He looks upon their outſide, but within
He never looks, nor never will begin.

3. *On Prue.*

Prues nose hangs down so low, one would suppose
When ere she gapes, that *Prue* would eat her nose.

4. *To Gripe.*

Gripe keeps his coyn well, and his heaps are great,
For which he seems wise in his own conceit;
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can see,
Thy bags in this sense are as wise as thee.

5. *On Man and Woman.*

When man and Woman dyes, as Poets sung,
His heart's the last that stirs, of hers the tongue.

6. *On Womans will.*

How dearly doth the honest husband buy
His wives defect of will when she doth dy?
Better in death by will to let her give,
Then let her have her will while she doth live.

7. *Spangle the spruce Gal:*

Spruce Spangle's like to a Cynamon Tree;
His outside is of much more worth then he.

8. *To*

8. *Cherilus.*

Eat Toste and Oyle, eat supple herbs and loose,
For thou look'st wondrous costive *Cherilus.*

9. *In Paulum.*

By lawfull Mart, and by unlawfull stealth,
Paulus from th'Ocean hath deriv'd much wealth:
But on the Land, a little gulfe there is,
Wherein he drowneth all that wealth of his.

10. *Vestitus peritus.*

Clitus goes oft time clad in Suits of Scarlet,
That els no colour had to play the Varlet.

11. *Of Poetus.*

Poetus with fine Sonnets painted forth
This and that foul Ladies beauties worth:
He shews small wit therein, and for his pains,
By my consent, he never shall reap gains;
Why, what needs *Poets* paint them, O sweet Elves!
When Ladies paint their beauties best themselves.

12. *Of Shift the Sharker.*

Shift swears he keeps none but good company,
For, though th'are such as he did never see,
Worse then himselfe he's sure they cannot be.

13. *On*

13. *On an Upſtart.*

Pray wrong not (*late coyn'd*) give the man his right,
He's made a Gentleman although no Knight,
For now 'tis cloaths the Gentleman doth make,
Men from gay cloaths their pedegrees doe take;
But wot you what's the arms to ſuch mens houſe?
Why this—hands chancing of a Rampant Louſe.

14. *Volens Nolens.*

Will with proviſio wills you teſtifie,
Has made his will, but hath no will to die.

15. *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou ſaid'ſt was worth thy weight in gold,
Though now't be common for a trifle ſold;
It dearer ſeems to thee that get'ſt not any,
(When thou ſhouldſt uſe it) for thy love or money.

16. *In Getam.*

Geta from wooll and weaving firſt began,
Swelling and ſwelling to a Gentleman;
When he was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not ſwelling till he was a Knight:

At

At last (forgetting what he was at first)
He swel'd to be a Lord, and then he burst.

17. *To Emson.*

Emson thou once in Dutch wouldst court a wench,
But to thy cost she answered thee in French.

18. *In Fimum.*

Fimus is Coach'd, and for his farther grace
Doth ask his friends how he becomes the place;
Troth I should tel him, the poor coach hath wrong
And that a Cart would serve to carry dung.

19. *In Flaccum.*

The false knave *Flaccus* once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I, to bribe so false a knave:
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,
That for my folly did not couzen me.

20. *Of Womens naked breasts.*

In open shops flyes often blow that flesh,
Which in close safes might be kept longer fresh.
They but invite flesh-flyes, whose full spread paps
Like road wayes lie between their lips and laps.

21. *On*

21. *On Morcho.*

Morcho for haſte was married in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

22. *On a Bragadocio.*

Don *Lollus* brags, he comes from Noble blood,
Drawn down from *Brutus* line; 'tis very good,
If this praiſe-worthy be, each Flea may then,
Boaſt of his blood more then ſom Gentlemen.

23. *Edens vomens.*

Cacus that ſups ſo duly at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckning truly ere he goes.

24. *On a Pumpe ſtopt with ſtones.*

M. I'le cut it down, I ſwear by this ſame hand,
If 'twill not run, it ſhall no longer ſtand.
R. Pray Sir be patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when't hath the ſtone?
Yet did he wiſely when he did it fell.
For in ſo doing he did make it well.

25. *Of Prittle-prattle.*

Though th'danger be not great, of all tame cattle,
Yet the moſt troubleſome is Prittle-prattle.

26. *In Aulum.*

Thou ſtill art muttring *Aulus* in mine ear,
Love me and love my Dog: I will I ſwear,
Thou ask'ſt but right; and *Aulus*, truth to tell,
I think thy Dog deſerves my love as well.

27. *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilens 'cauſe th'art old, fly not the field,
Where youthfull *Cupid* doth his banner wield;
For why? this god, old men his Souldiers ſtil'd;
None loves but he who hath been twice a Child.

28. *To Vellius.*

Thou ſwearſt I bowl as well as moſt men doe,
The moſt are bunglers, therein thou ſay'ſt true.

29. *Three Genders.*

A wife although moſt wiſe and chaſt,
is of the *Doubtfull* Gender;
A Quean oth' *Common*: Feminines,
are Women ſmall and tender.

30. *Of Brawle.*

Brawle loveth brabling, as he loves his life,
Leave him for dead, when he leaves ſtirring ſtrife.

31. *In*

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31. *In Paulum.*

Paul, what my cloak doth hide thou fain wouldſt (know,
Wer't to be ſeen I would not cover't ſo.

32. *Of ſleep and death.*

That death is but a ſleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would ſleep, I would not dye.

33. *Upon Methuſus.*

Methuſus ask'd me why I call'd him ſot,
I anſwer made, becauſe he lov'd the pot,
For while *Methuſus* buſie is with it,
The fool I'm ſure's as buſie with his wit.

34. *On Thraſo.*

Thraſo goes lame with blows he did receive
In a late duell, if you'l him believe.

35. *Newes.*

When News doth come, if any would diſcuſſe
The Letter of the word, reſolve it thus:
News is convey'd by letter, w ord, or mouth,
And comes to us from *North*, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, and *South*.

36. *Of Rufus.*

Rufus had rob'd his Hoſt, and being put to it,
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did doe it.

37. *Of Marcus.*

When *Marcus* fail'd, a borrowed ſum to pay,
Unto his friend at the appointed day;
Twere ſuperſtition for a man, he ſayes,
To be a ſtrict obſerver of ſet dayes.

38. *Of a Thief.*

A thief arreſted, and in cuſtody
Under ſtrong guards of armed company,
Askt why they held him ſo; Sir, quoth the chief,
We hold you for none other then a thief.

39. *Of Motion.*

Motion brings heat, and thus we ſee it prov'd,
Moſt men are hot and angry when they'r mov'd.

40. *Formall the Faſhioniſt.*

Formall all form and faſhion is, for matter,
Who ſayes he ſees it in him, doth but flatter;
Open and ſearch him, you ſhall quickly find
With what courſe Canvas his ſoft ſilks are lin'd.

41. *Ad Scriptorem quend.*

Halfe of your Book is to an Index growne,
You give your Book *Contents*, your Reader none

42. *Riches.*

Gold's th'onely God, Rich men bear rule,
Money makes Majesty:
Rich *Pluto*, not plain *Plato* now,
Speaks with applause most high.

43. *On Sextus.*

Sextus doth wish his wife in Heaven were,
Where can she have more happinesse then there?

45. *Secreta nobis.*

Tassus from Temple-stairs by water goes,
To *Westminster*, and back to Temple rowes,
Belike he loves not trot too much the street
Or surbait on the stones his tender feet:
Tut! come, there's something in't must not be known
But Sir beleev't, *The debt is not his own.*

45. *Of Text-corruptors.*

Bad Commentators spoyle the best of Books,
So God gives meat, (they say) the Devil sends. (Cooks

46. *O*

46. *On a Drawer drunk.*

Drawer with thee now even is thy Wine,
For thou haſt pierc'd his Hogs-head, and he thine.

47. *Upon the weights of a Clock.*

I wonder time's ſo ſwift, when as I ſee,
Upon her heels, ſuch lumps of lead to be.

48. *On Cynna.*

Becauſe I am not of a Gyants ſtature,
Deſpiſe me not, nor praiſe thy liberall nature,
For thy huge limbs; that you are great, 'tis true,
And that I'm little in reſpect of you:
The reaſon of our growths is eas'ly had,
You, many had perchance; I but one Dad.

49 *On Alaſtrus.*

Alaſtrus hath nor coyn, nor ſpirit, nor wit.
I think hee's only then for Bedlam fit.

50. *Of Mendacio.*

Mendacio pretends to tell men News:
And that it may be ſuch, himſelfe doth uſe
To make it: but that will no longer need,
Let him tell truth, it will be News indeed.

51. *On Landanno.*

Landanno in his gallant bravery;
Ruffled his Silks, looke big, and thruſt me by:
And ſtill as often as he meets me ſo,
My home-ſpun cloth muſt to the channell go.
Adviſe thee well *Landanno*, children note,
And fools admire thee for thy velvet coat:
I keep (*Landanno*) in repute with ſuch,
As think they cannot ſcorn poor thee too much.
But thou canſt ſquire fine Madams, thou canſt vail
Thy Cap and Feather, cringe, and wag thy tail
Moſt decently: Now by you ſtars that ſhine,
So thou tranſcend'ſt me: Take the wall, 'tis thine.

52. *On Shanks.*

Shanks ſwears he faſts; and always cryes for Beef:
O how he faſts! that's how faſt eats the Theef!

53. *Cito bene.*

Sir *John* at *Mattins* prayes he might diſpatch,
Who by true promiſe is to bowl a match.

54. *Of Pertinax.*

It will, it muſt, it ſhall be ſo,
Saith *Pertinax*; but what's the reaſon trow?
Nay, that I cannot tell, nor doth he know.

55. *To valiant Dammee.*

Dammee thy brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'ſt jeſt
Thy ſelf into freſh braules; but cal'd upon,
With ſwearing *Damme*, anſwer'ſt every one.
Keep thy ſelf there, and think thy valour right,
He that dares *Damme* himſelf, dares more then fight.

56. *On Cornuto.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're miſtruſts her too laſcivious life,
Ask him the reaſon why he doth forbear,
Hee'l anſwer ſtraight, it cometh with a fear.

57. *On a Shrew.*

A froward Shrew being blam'd becauſe ſhe ſhow'd
Not ſo much reverence as by right ſhe ow'd
Unto her Husband, ſhe reply'd he might
Forbear complaint of me, I do him right;
His will is mine, he would bear rule, and I
Deſire the like, onely in ſympathy.

58. *Of Lawleſſe.*

Lawleſſe the worſt times liketh beſt, why iſſ?
Becauſe then *Lawleſſe* may doe what he liſt.

59. *A rich Curre.*

Dru dares good men deprave becauſe hee's rich,
Whether more fool or Knave, I know not which.

60. *On a Youth married to an Old Woman.*

A ſmooth-fac'd youth, what wedded to an old
Decrepit Shrew! (ſuch is the power of Gold)
Thy fortune I dare tell; perchance thou'lt have
At Supper dainties, but in Bed a grave.

61. *On a Fly in a glaſſe.*

A Fly out of his glaſſe a gueſt did take,
E're with the liquor he his thirſt would ſlake;
When he had drunk his fill, again the Fly
Into the glaſſe he put, and ſaid, though I
Love not Flyes in my drink, yet others may,
Whoſe humour I nor like, nor will gain-ſay.

62. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing doe lend,
Or Dog, or Horſe, or Hawk unto his friend,
He to endear the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him: His wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life,
Behinde him forks her fingers, and doth cry,
To none but you, I'de do this courteſie.

63. *To Loquax.*

Loquax, to hold thy tongue would do thee wrong,
For thou wouldſt be no man but for thy tongue.

64. *Good wits jump.*

Againſt a poſt a ſcholler chanc'd to ſtrike
At unawares his head; like will to like:
Good wits will jump (quoth he:) if that be true,
The title of a block-head is his due.

65. *On Womens Masks.*

It ſeems that Masks do women much diſgrace,
Sith when they wear them they do hide their face.

66. *Of Sawcy the Intruder.*

Sawcy, though uninvited, is ſo rude,
As into every comp'ny to intrude;
But he's no fit companion for any,
Who all ways makes the number one too many.

67. *Upon a pair of Tongs.*

The burnt child dreads the fire; if this be true,
Who firſt invented Tongs its fury knew.

68. *Lawyers and Souldiers.*

If Lawyers had for *Term*, a tearm of warre,
Souldiers would be as rich as Lawyers are;

But here's the difference 'tween Guns and Gowns,
Theſe take good Angels, th'other take crack't (crowns.

69. *On Momus.*

Momus can call another fool, but he
Can never make his brain and wit agree.

70. *Woman.*

A *Woman* is a Book, and often found
To prove far better in the ſheets then bound;
No marvail then, why men take ſuch delight
Above all things to *ſtudy in the night.*

71. *Clytus cunning.*

Clytus the Barbar doth Occaſion fly,
Becauſe 'tis bald, and he gains nought thereby.

72. *Rich promiſes.*

Lords promiſe ſoon, but to perform are long,
Then would their purſe-ſtrings were ty'd to their (tongue.

73. *On Comptulus.*

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair,
In comely curles could ſhow ſo debonair,
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou couldſt not trim it by a looking glaſſe,

Nor

Nor any Barber did thy treſſes pleat;
'Tis ſtrange; but *Monſieur* I conceive the feat
When you your hair doe kemb, you off it take,
And order't as you pleaſe for faſhion ſake.

74. *On Gellius.*

In building of his houſe, *Gellius* hath ſpent
All his revenues and his ancient rent;
Ask not a reaſon, why *Gellius* is poor,
His greater houſe hath turn'd him out of doer.

75. *To Ponticus.*

At Supper time will *Pontius* viſit me,
I'd rather have his room then company;
But if him, from me I can no ways fright,
I'd have him viſit me each faſting night.

76. *Balbus.*

Balbus a Verſe on *Venus* Boy doth ſcan,
But ere 'twas finiſh'd *Cupid's* grown a man.

77. *On a Pot-Poet.*

What lofty verſes *Cælus* writes? it is
But when his head with wine oppreſſed is:
So when great drops of rain fall from the skies
In ſtanding pools, huge bubbles will ariſe.

78. *On Onellus.*

Thou never ſupp'ſt abroad, *Onellus*, true;
For at my home I'm ſure to meet with you.

79. *Of professed Atheists.*

If even Devils themselves believe and tremble,
Atheists profest methinks should but dissemble.

80. *To Termagant.*

My *Termagant*, as I have ought to save,
I neither cal'd thee fool, nor knave;
That which I cal'd thee is a thing well known,
A trifle not worth thinking on:
What I suppose thy self wilt easily grant,
I cal'd thee Cuckold, *Termagant*.

81. *On a Vertuous Talker.*

If vertue's alwayes in thy mouth, how can
It e're have time to reach thy heart, fond man?

82. *To Severus.*

Beleeve *Severus*, that in these my Rimes
I tax no person but the common Crimes.

83. *Upon Pigs devouring a bed of Penny-royall, commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs set,
The Pigs came in and eat up every whit,
The good man said, wife you your Garden may
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

84. *On Gubs.*

Gubs calls his children Kitlins: and wo'd bound
(Some ſay) for joy to ſee thoſe Kitlins dround.

85. *On a Fortune-teller.*

The influence of th'Stars are known to thee,
By whom thou canſt each future fortune ſee:
Yet ſith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,
Tis ſtrange they do not that to thee partake.

86. *To ſweet ſir Ou'ſide.*

Th'expence in Odours, is a fooliſh ſin,
Except thou couldſt ſweeten thy Corps within.

87. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering Gallant, from a prancing Steed,
Alighting down deſir'd a boy with ſpeed
To hold his horſe a while, he made reply,
Can one man hold him faſt? 'twas anſwer'd, I:
If then one man can hold him Sir, you may
Doe it your ſelf, quoth he, and ſlunk away.

88. *To Eras-mus.*

That thou'art a man each of thy learn'd works ſhows,
But yet thy name tels us *thou waſt a Mouſe.*

89. *On Bunce.*

Money thou ow'ſt me; prethee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay:

Let

Let it be Dooms-day; nay, take longer ſcope;
Nay when th'art honeſt, let me have ſome hope.

90. *On an empty Houſe.*

Lollus by night awak'd heard Theeves about
His houſe, and ſearching narrowly throughout
To find ſome pillage there, he ſaid, you may
By night, but I can find nought here by day.

91. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim, I muſt commend thy care,
Which doſt all things exactly to a haire.

92. *On a bragging Coward.*

Caſus in Camp, when as his Mates betook
Themſelves to dine, encourag'd them and ſpoke,
Have a good ſtomach Lads, this night we ſhall
In heaven at Supper keep a feſtivall.
But battail join'd he fled away in haſt,
And ſaid, I had forgot, this night I faſt.

93. *On a great Noſe.*

Thy Noſe no man can wipe, *Proclus*, unleſs
He have a hand as big as *Hercules:* (hear
When thou doſt ſneeze the ſound thou doſt not
Thy Noſe is ſo far diſtant from thine ear.

94. *On an unequall pair.*

Fair *Phillis* is to churliſh *Priſcus* wed,
As ſtronger wine with waters mingled;

Priſcus

Priſcus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow
With fervency then fire; hers cold as ſnow:
'Tis well, for if their flames alike did burn,
One houſe would be too hot to ſerve their turn.

95. *In Quintum.*

Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poor he hath a good pretence
At every Church to crave benevolence,
For one that had by fire loſt all he had.

96. *On a changeable Rayment.*

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
His Perriwig, his face, and his array?
'Tis not becauſe his comings in are much,
Or 'cauſe hee'l ſwill it with the roaring Dutch;
But 'cauſe the Sergeants (who a writ have had
Long ſince againſt him) ſhould not know the Lad.

97. *On Gueſſe.*

Gueſſe cuts his ſhoes, and limping goes about
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout,
But 'tis no Gout (beleive it) but hard Beere,
Whoſe acrimonious humour bites him here.

98. *On Stale-Batch.*

For all night-ſins with other Wives unknown
Batch now doth daily penance in his own.

99. To

99. *To sir Guilty.*

Guilty, be wise; and though thou knowst the crime
Be thine I tax; yet do not own my Rimes;
'Twere madnesse in thee to betray thy fame,
And person to the world, ere I thy name.

100. *Veritas subverta.*

Luke that a man on horse-back met but late,
Would simply seem thus to equivocate,
And strong maintain 'gainst them, contend who dare,
'Twas meerly but a Taylor and a Mare.

101. *On Hugh.*

Hugh should have gone to *Oxford* th'other day,
But turn'd at Tiburn, and so lost his way.

102. *On a Painted Madam.*

Men say y'are fair; and fair ye are, 'tis true,
But (Hark!) we praise the Painter now, not you.

103. *On Baroſſa.*

Baroſſa boasts his pedigree, although
He knows no letter of the Christ-Crosse row,
His house is ancient, and his gentry great,
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet
Then is the family of fools? how than
Dare you not call *Baroſſa* Gentleman?

104. *Experto credendum.*

How durst *Capritius* call his wedlock whore,
But that he speaks it *pluſquam per narratum.*

Nam

Nam ipſe teſte: what require you more,
Unleſſe yon'ld have it *magis approbatum*?

105. *On Jack Cut-purſe.*

Jack Cut-purſe is, and hath been patient long,
For hee's content to pocket up much wrong.

106. *On Afer.*

Afer hath ſold his land and bought a Horſe,
Whereon he pranceth to the royall Burſe,
To be on horſ-back he delights; wilt know?
'Cauſe then his Company he'd higher ſhow:
But happy chance tall *Afer* in his pride,
Mounts a Gunnelly and on foot doth ride.

107. *On Chariſmus.*

Thou haſt compos'd a Book, which neither age,
Nor future time ſhall hurt through all their rage;
For how can future times or age invade,
That work which periſhed as ſoon as made?

108. *Facilis deſcenſus averni.*

The way to hell is eaſie, th'other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

109. *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, deſpiſe not age, although
Some yong are grave, moſt old men children grow.

110. *On*

110. *On Orus.*

Orus ſold wine, and then tobacco, now
He aqua-vitæ doth his friends allow.
What e're he had was ſold to ſave his life,
And now turn'd Pander, he doth ſell his wife.

111. *On Sneape.*

Sneape has a face ſo brittle, that it breaks
Forth into bluſhes, whenſoere he ſpeaks.

112. *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the brain Phyſitians ſay,
Doth dull the wit, and memory decay,
Yet fear not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're
Hurt thee ſo much by uſe, as by thy feare.

113. *Empta noſtra.*

Madam *La Foy* wears not thoſe locks for nought,
Ask at the Shop elſe, where the ſame ſhe bought.

114. *On Briſo.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,
You doe abſent you from the ſight of men,
For out of doors you ne'r by day appear,
What, is a Sergeant ſuch a huge Bug-bear?

115. *A Fooliſh Querie.*

How rich a man is, all deſire to know;
But none inquires if good he be or no.

116. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

Who but the half of this neat Picture drew,
That it could ne're be fully done, well knew.

117. *B. J. answer to a Thief bidding him ſtand.*

Fly Villain hence, or by thy coat of ſteel,
I'le make thy heart, my brazen bullet feel,
And ſend that thrice as theeviſh ſoule of thine,
To Hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

118. *Thiefs reply.*

Art thou great *Ben?* or the revived ghoſt
Of famous *Shakeſpeare?* or ſome drunken hoſt?
Who being tipſie with thy muddy Beer, (fear?
Doſt think thy Rimes ſhall daunt my ſoule with
Nay know baſe Slave, that I am one of thoſe,
Can take a purſe as well in verſe as proſe;
And when th'art dead write this upon thy Herſe,
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in Verſe.

119. *Nothing New.*

Nothing is new: we walk were others went;
There's no vice now but has his preſident.

120. *On Cupid.*

Cupid hath by his ſly and ſubtill Art,
A certain Arrow ſhot, and pierc'd my heart;

What

What ſhall I doe to be reveng'd on love?
There is but one way, and that one I'le prove;
I'le ſteale his Arrows, and will head them new
With Womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r fly true.

121 *A Tobacconiſt.*

All dainty meats I doe defie,
Which feed men fat as Swine,
He is a frugall man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine.

Hee needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his Kitchin in a Box,
And Roaſt-meat in a Pipe.

122. *Feeble ſtanding.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

123. *Long and Lazie.*

That was the Proverb. Let my Miſtriſs be
Lazie to others; but belong to me.

124. *On the Tobaconiſt.*

If mans fleſh be like Swines, as it is ſaid,
The Metamorphoſis is ſooner made:
Then full fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take,
Smoaking your Corps, leſt Bacon yon do make.

125. *Another.*

125. *Another.*

Tom I commend thee above all I know;
That ſold'ſt thy cuſhion for a pipe of To—
For now 'tis like if e're thou ſtudy more,
Thou'lt ſit to't harder then thou didſt before.

126. *On Button the Grave-maker.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles,
Are graves become but *Button-holes?*

127. *On long haire.*

Lucas long hair down to his ſhoulders wears;
And why? he dares not cut it for his ears.

128. *To a ſtale Lady.*

Thy wrinkles are no more, nor leſſe,
Then beauty turn'd to ſowerneſſe.

129. *A Crab is reſtorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is ſawce very good,
For the Crab of the foaming Sea;
But the wood of a Crab
Is ſawce for a drab
That will not her husband obey.

130. *Alius altior.*

Would you with *Cajus* offer now confer
In ſuch familiar ſort as heretofore?

And not obſerve he's growne an Officer,
That looks for adoration ten times more?
Tut! what of pedegree, or *turpe domo*,
Tis not ſo now ye ſee, *num ecce homo.*

131. *Sorte tua contentus.*

If adverſe fortune bring to paſſe,
And will that thou an Aſſe muſt be;
Then be an aſſe, and live an aſſe,
For out of queſtion wiſe is he
That undergoes with humble mind,
The ſtate that chance hath him aſſign'd.

132. *On a pretender to Prophecy.*

Ninety two years the world as yet ſhall ſtand,
It it doe ſtand or fall at your command;
But ſay, why plac'd you not the worlds end nyer
Leſt ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer?

133. *Mart. lib.* 8. *Epigr.* 69.

Old Poets onely thou doſt praiſe,
And none but dead ones magnifie,
Pardon *Vocerta*, thee to pleaſe,
I am not yet in mind to die.

134. *On a Gameſter.*

For hundred-thouſands *Matho* playes;
Olus what's that to thee?

Not

Not thou by means thereof, I trow,
But *Matho* poor ſhall be.

135. *Parcus profuſus.*

Old doting *Claudus* that rich miſer known,
Made drunk one night, & jumping but with *Joan*,
Was forc't not onely to diſcharge the ſhot,
But keep the Baſtard which the gull ne'r got.

136. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake*, whom well the worlds end knew,
Which thou didſt compaſſe round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once ſaw,
Which North and South do bound.
The Stars above would make thee known,
If men here ſilent were;
The Sun himſelfe cannot forget,
His fellow Traveller.

137. *B. J. approbation of a copy of Verſes.*

One of the witty ſort of Gentlemen,
That held ſociety with learned *Ben*——
Shew'd him ſome Verſes of a tragick ſenſe;
Which did his ear much curious violence;
But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker
Of the ſad lines, he needs muſt know the maker;
What unjuſt man he was, that ſpent his time,
And baniſh'd reaſon to advance his rime:

Nay gentle *Ben*, replyes the Gentleman,
I ſee I muſt ſupport the Poet than;
Although thoſe humble ſtrains are not ſo fit
For to pleaſe you, hee's held a pretty wit;
Is he held ſo? (ſayes *Ben*) ſo may a Gooſ,
Had I the holding, I would let him looſ.

138. *Ut pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a lofty feather?
Becauſe he's proud and fooliſh both together.

139. *Gaine and Gettings.*

When others gain much by the preſent caſt,
The Coblers getting time, is at the laſt.

140. *Domina prædominantis.*

Ill may *Radulphus* boaſt of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

141. *On Doll.*

Doll ſhe ſo ſoon began the wanton trade;
She ne'r remembers that ſhe was a maid.

142. *To a Noſe and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainſt the Sun, and by thy Teeth and Noſe
'Tis eaſie to perceive how the day goes.

143. *On a Welſhman and an Engliſhman.*

There was a time a difference began,
Between a Welſhman and an Engliſhman,

And thus it was; the Engliſhman would ſtand
Againſt all Argument, that this our land
Was freeſt of her fruits: there is a place,
Quoth he, whoſe ground ſo fruitfull is of graſſe,
But throw a ſtaffe in't but this night, you ſhall
Not ſee't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all.
The Welſhman cry'd, 'tis true it might lye under
The o'r-grown graſſe, wch is with us no wonder:
For turn your Horſe into our fruitfull ground,
And before morning come, he ſhan't be found.

144. *On Pride.*

Why Pride to others doth her ſelf prefer,
The reaſon's clear, ſhe's heir to *Lucifer.*

145. *On Skrew.*

Skrew lives by ſhifts, yet ſwears by no ſmall oaths,
For all his ſhifts, he cannot ſhift his cloaths.

146. *O Mores.*

Now *vertu's* hid with *follies* jugling miſt,
And hee's no man that is no humoriſt.

147. *To Teltale.*

Thy glowing ears, to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in heat.

148. *Sperando pariens.*

Hodg hir'd him ſuch a houſe, at ſuch a rent,
As might 'gainſt marriage, much his ſtate augment;
But lingring fates did ſo his hopes prevent,
As *Hodg* perforce muſt flye, for all was ſpent.

149. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldier fights well, and with good regard,
But when he's lame, he lyes at an ill ward.

150. *Vivens mortuis.*

What makes young *Brutus* bear ſo high his head,
And on the ſudden gallant it ſo brave?
Pray underſtand Sir; 's Father's newly dead,
Who hath ſo long been wiſh'd for laid in's grave.

151. *A ſecret neceſſity.*

What makes *F. G.* wear ſtill one pair of hoſe?
Ask *Banks* the Broker; he the buſineſſe knows.

152. *On Garret and Chambers.*

Garret and his friend *Chambers* having done
Their City buſineſſe, walkt to *Paddington*,
And coming neer the fatall place, where men,
I mean offenders, ne'r return agen,
Looking on Tyburn in a merriment:

Saye

Sayes *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement
Had it a Garret? *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes, friend *Chambers* I doe wonder at
Your ſimple cenſure, and could mock you for it,
There muſt be *Chambers* e're there be a *Garret*.

153. *Dubium indubitatum.*

Say *Parnels* children prove not one like th'other;
The beſt is yet, ſhe's ſure they'd both one Mother.

154. *On Linnit.*

Linnit plays rarely on the Lute, we know;
And ſweetly ſings, but yet his breath ſayes no.

155. *On Uſuring Gripe.*

Gripe feels no lameneſs of his knotty Gout,
His moneys travell for him in and out.
And though the ſoundeſt legs goe every day,
He toyls to be at Hell as ſoon as they.

156. *A phraſe in Poetry.*

Fairer then that word faire, why ſo ſhe muſt,
Or be as black as *Timothies* toaſted cruſt.

157. *A Witt-all.*

Jeppa thy wit will ne'r endure a touch,
Thou knowſt ſo little, and doſt ſpeak ſo much

158. *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't possible that thou my Book hast bought,
That said'st 'twas nothing worth? why was it
Read it agen, perhaps thy wit was dull, (nought?
Thou may'st find something at the second pull:
Indeed at first thou nought didst understand;
For shame get something at the second hand.

159. *On Skinns.*

Skinns he din'd well to day; how doe you think?
His nayles they were his meat, his reume the drink?

160. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Posthumus not the last of many more,
Asks why I write in such an idle vain,
Seeing there are of Epigrams such store;
O give me leave to tell thee once again,
That Epigrams are fitted to the season,
Of such as best know how to make rime reason.

161. *Certa dissimulans.*

Monsieur Piero's wife trades all in French,
And coyly simpring cryes, *Pardona moy:*
As who should think, she's sure no common wench
But a most true dissembler, *par may foy.*

162. *In*

162. *In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.*

In matters great to will it doth ſuffice:
I bluſh to hear how loud this Proverb lyes,
For they that owe great ſums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them with meer good will.

163. *As proud as witleſſe Dracus.*

Dracus his head is highly by him born.
And ſo by ſtraws are empty heads of corn.

164. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welſhman and an Engliſhman diſputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greateſt ſtate;
The Engliſhman the Welſhman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welſhman nought his brags abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding ſees,
Truth, quoth the other, each man toſts his cheeſe.

165. *Knowing and not knowing.*

Coſmus by cuſtome taunts each man,
And yet can nought of reaſon ſcan,
How can that be, when who knows leaſt,
Knows he ſhould wiſe be, that would jeſt:
Then thus no further I allow,
That *Coſmus* knows, but knows not how.

166. *Stu-*

166. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his ſafeſt flight,
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

167. *Poſtrema peſſima.*

Cacus in's cunning ne'r ſo prov'd o'r-reacht
As now at laſt, who muſt be halter-ſtretcht.

168. *On his Miſtris.*

My Love and I for kiſſes play'd,
She would keep ſtakes, I was content,
And when I won ſhe would be paid;
This made me ask her what ſhe meant,
Saith ſhe, ſince you are in this wrangling vain,
Take you your kiſſes, and give me mine again.

169. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed,
And ſpend the morn in dreſſing of her head,
And ſit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride;
God in mercy may doe much to ſave her,
But what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her?

170. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things, could the Poets ſay,
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

171. *Facie*

171. *Facies ignota.*

Why ſhould not *Rubin* rich apparell wear,
That's left more money then an Aſſe can bear?
Can any gueſſe him by his outward guiſe,
But that he may be generous and wiſe?

172. *On a coy Woman.*

She ſeems not won, yet won ſhe is at length;
In loves war, women uſe but half their ſtrength.

173. *On Bed-keeping.*

Bradus the Smith hath often ſworn and ſed,
That no diſeaſe ſhould make him keep his bed,
His reaſon was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money, therefore he would ſell it.

174. *On a man ſtealing a Candle from a Lanthorn.*

One walking in the ſtreet a winter night,
Climb'd to a Lanthorn, thought t'have ſtole the light,
But taken in the manner and deſcri'd
By one o'th'ſervants, who look'd & cry'd, (handle?
Whoſe there: what d'you? who doth our lanthorn
Nothing, ſaid he, but onely ſnuffe the Candle.

175. *On Fraternus.*

Fraternus 'opinions ſhow his reaſon weak,
He held the noſe was made for man to ſpeak.

176. *Little*

176. *Little and Loud.*

Little you are; for womens ſake be proud;
For my ſake next, (though little) be not loud.

177. *On a French Fencer, that challenged Church an Engliſh Fencer.*

The fencing Gaules in pride and gallant vaunt,
Challeng'd the Engliſh at the Fencing ſkill,
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His errors ſtill reprov'd and knock'd him ſtill;
But ſith our *Church* him diſciplin'd ſo ſore,
He (rank Recuſant) comes to Church no more.

178. *On Gella.*

Gella is light, and like a Candle waſteth,
Even to the ſnuffe, that ſtinketh more it laſteth.

179. *On* I. Lipſius *who bequeathed his Gown to the* V. Mary.

A lying Latiniſt of great renown,
Unto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gown;
And was not this falſe Latine ſo to joyn
With female gender, the caſe maſculine?

180. *On two ſtriving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out, was ill; but in was well.

181. *A*

181. *A Lawyers Will.*

A Lawyer being ſick and extream ill,
Was moved by his friends to make his wil,
Which ſoon he did, gave all the wealth he had
To frantick perſons, lunatick, and mad;
And to his friends this reaſon did reveale;
(That they might ſee, with equity hee'd deal)
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receive,
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leave.

182. *Youth and Age.*

Age is deformed, Youth unkind,
We ſcorn their bodies, they our mind.

183. *Somnus decipiens.*

Dod ſweetly dreamt this other night had found
In gold and ſilver ne'r an hundred pound,
But waking felt he was with Fleas ſore bitten,
And further ſmelt he had his ſhirt be——

184. *To a Shoomaker.*

What boots it thee, to follow ſuch a trade,
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

185. *Death.*

The lives of men ſeem in two ſeas to ſwim,
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

186. *Quos ergo*, &c.

Rufus in rage the Pots flings down the ſtairs,
And threats to pull the Drawer by the ears,
For giving ſuch attendance: Slave (ſayes he)
Where's thine obſervance? Ha! muſt ſuch as we
Be no more waited on? Goe; bring to pay,
And keep my Rapier till I come this way.

187. *A diſparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,
and fools their brothers;
Women have learn'd more wiſdome
of their Mothers.

188. *To Maledict.*

Thou ſpeakeſt ill, not to give men their dues,
But ſpeakeſt ill, becauſe thou canſt not chuſe.

189. *On Newter Ned.*

Newter convict of publick wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins agen;
Two kinds of valour he doth ſhew at once,
Active in's brains, and paſſive in his bones.

190. *Interpone tuis*, &c.

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreath'd;
Care gets mirths ſtomach, mirth makes care long (breath'd.

191. *Ig-*

191. *Ignotus ſibi.*

Faſtidius finds it *Nimis ultra poſſe*,
How to diſtinguiſh of *Teipſum noſce*:
I doe not marvell much it ſhould be ſo,
For why the Coxcomb, will himſelfe not know.

192. *On Craw.*

Craw cracks in Sirrop; and do's ſtinking ſay,
Who can hold that (my friends) that will away.

193. *Pot Poet.*

Poet and pot differ but in a letter,
Which makes the Poet love the pot the better.

194. *Content.*

Content is all we aim at with our ſtore?
If that be had with little, what needs more?

195. *Faſt and Looſe.*

Paphus was marry'd all in haſt,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himſelf too faſt,
He hath himſelfe undone.

196. *Tortus.*

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter;
Said he but ſet a good face on the matter;

Then

Then ſure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known,
Tortus ne're wore a good face of his own.

197. *On Raſpe.*

Raſpe playes at Nine-holes, and 'tis known he get
Many a Teaſter by his game, and bets;
But of his gettings there's but little ſigne,
When one hole waſts more then he gets by nine.

198. *Impar impares odit.*

Sotus hates wiſe men, for himſelfe is none,
And fools he hates, becauſe himſelf is one.

199. *Similis doctrina libello.*

Cræſus of all things loveth not to buy
So many Books of ſuch diverſity:
Your Almanack (ſayes he) yeelds all the ſcie
Of time's paſt, profit, and experience.

200. *On Tullus.*

Tullus who was a Taylor by profeſſion,
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large poſſeſſion.
So who before did cut but Countrey freeze,
Now cuts the Countrey in exceſſive fees.

201. *Ut parta perdita.*

Marcellus proves a man of double means,
Firſt rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queans.

202. *On Jack and Jill.*

Since *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be;
It ſeems a wonder unto me,
That they no better doe agree.

203. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men;
The circles, love; how doe they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center,
But love gives leave to onely one to enter.

204. *On Womans love.*

A womans love is like a Syrian flow'r,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an hour.

205. *On Cooke a Cuckold.*

A young Cook marry'd upon Sunday laſt,
And he grew old e'r Tueſday night was paſt.

206. *Nomine, non re.*

Grace I confeſſe it, hath a comely face,
Good hand and foot as anſwerable to it:
But what's all this except ſhe had more grace?
Oh you will ſay, 'tis want that makes her do it.
True, want of grace indeed, the more her ſhame:
Graceleſſe by Nature, onely *Grace* by Name.

207. *A Mounsieur Naso, vero le.*

Naso let none drink in his glasse but hee,
Think you 'tis pride? 'tis courtesie.

208. *A Butcher marrying a Tanners daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the flesh is married to the skin.

209. *A Widow.*

He which for's wife a widow doth obtain,
Doth like to those that buy clothes in *Long-lane*,
One Coat's not fit, another's too too old,
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

110. *On a Farmer Knighted.*

In my conceit Sir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet good-wife, a mad-dame.

211. *On Pallas and Bacchus Birth.*

Pallas the off-spring of *Joves* brain,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ta'en:
He breaks his brain that learning wins,
When he that's drunk breaks but his shins.

212. *On an old man doting upon a young Wench.*

A rich old man loving a fair young Lasse,
Out of his breeches his spectacles drew,

Where-

Wherewith he writ a note how rich he was;
All which (quoth he) sweet heart I'l give to you.
Excuse me Sir (quoth she) for all your riches,
I'l marry none that wears his eyes in's breeches.

213. *On a Welshman.*

The way to make a Welshman think on bliss,
And daily say his prayers on his knees,
Is to perswade him, that most certain 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green Cheese;
Then he'l desire of *Jove* no greater boon,
Then to be plac'd in Heaven to eat the Moon.

214. *On Lungs.*

Lungs (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eat,
But that his breath doth fly-blow all his meat.

215. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs must be,
For she was forc'd by law to marry thee.

216. *As many dayes in the year, so many Veins in man.*

That every thing we doe, might vain appear,
We have a vein for each day in the year.

217. *To a friend, on the losse of his Mistresse.*

If thou the best of women didst forgo,
Weigh if thou found'st her, or didst make her so:

If she was found, know there is more then one;
If made, the workman lives though she be gone.

218. *On a Whore.*

Rosa is faire, but not a proper woman;
Can any woman proper be that's common?

219. *Æqualis consensus.*

Cæcus and's choyce, for change no time defers,
Both separate, yet consenting each together,
He maids for his turn takes, she men for hers,
And so they jump, though seldome joyn togeth

220. *On a Welshman*

A Welshman late coming into an Inne,
Asked the Maid what meat there was within;
Cow-heels she answer'd, and a breast of Mutton;
But quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton;
Either of both shall serve; to night the breast,
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is best;
At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
I'th morning took his heels, and run away.

221. *On Men and Women.*

Ill thrives that hapleſſe family that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows:
I know not which lives more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

222. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of Verſes that he made,
Riding to *London* on a trotting Jade;
I ſhould have known, had he conceal'd the caſe,
Even by his Verſes of his Horſes pace.

223. *Sauce for ſorrowes.*

Although our ſufferings meet with no reliefe,
An equall mind is the beſt ſauce for griefe.

224. *On a little dimunitive Band.*

What is the reaſon of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep, and that his faſhion doth not alter?
God-dam-me ſaves a labour, underſtand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

225. *On fine apparrell.*

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,
Doe all their ſubſtance upon them beſtow;
But who a Gold-finch, fain would make his wife,
Makes her perhaps a Wag-tail all her life.

226. *Upon Conſcience.*

Many men this preſent age diſpraiſe,
And think men have ſmall conſcience now adays;
But ſure, I'l lay no ſuch fault to their charge,
I rather think their conſcience is too large.

227. *Dicta prædicta.*

Battus breaks jests on any thing that's spoken,
Provided alwayes, they before are broken.

228. *On Umber.*

Umber was painting of a Lyon fierce,
And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erse
Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the fart,
(As *Umber* swears) did make his Lyon start.

229. *In Cornutum.*

Cornutus cal'd his wife both whore and slut,
Quoth she, you'l never your brawling but—
But what quoth he? quoth she, the post or door,
For you have horns to butt, if I'm a whore.

230. *A witty passage.*

An old man sitting at a Christmasse feast,
By eating Brawn occasioned a jest;
For whilst his tongue and gums chased about,
For want of pales the chased Bore broke out;
And light perchance upon a handsome lasse,
That neer him at the Table placed was;
Which when she spy'd, she pluck'd out of her sleeve
A pin, and did it to the old man give; (slip
Saying, sith your Brawn out of your mouth dot
Sir take this pin, and therewith close your lip;

An

And burſting into laughter, ſtrain'd ſo much,
As with that ſtrain her back-part ſpake low-dutch
Which th'old man hearing, did the pin reſtore;
And bad her therewith cloſe her poſtern door.

231. *On Cob.*

Cob clouts his ſhoots, and as the ſtory tels,
His thumb-nayles par'd afford him ſparables.

232. *Omnia pariter.*

Ralph reads a line or two, and then cryes mew;
Deeming all elſe according to thoſe few;
Thou might'ſt have thought and prov'd a wiſer Lad;
(As *Joan* her ſooding bought) ſom good ſom bad.

233. *A new married Bride.*

The firſt of all our ſex came from the ſide of Man,
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

234. *On a Pudding.*

The end of all, and in the end,
the praiſe of all depends.
A Pudding merits double praiſe,
becauſe it hath two ends.

235. *Anſwer.*

A pudding hath two ends; you lye my brother:
For it begins at one, and ends at th'other.

236. *Si nihil attuleris, ibis, &c.*

Planus, an honeſt Swaine, but moneyleſſe,
Beſought a Lawyer to be good unto him,
Who either (*gratis*) muſt his cauſe redreſſe,
Or promiſe what he never meant to doe him.
Being asked why he careleſſe lingred it?
Made this reply, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

237. *On Maids.*

Moſt Maids reſemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, then th'are wives;
As *Eve* knew no man, e'r fruit wrought her woe;
So theſe have fruit oft e'r their huſbands know.

238. *Ut cecidit ſurgit.*

Now *Martha* married is, ſhee'l brave it out,
Though ne'r ſo needy known to all about;
And reaſon good, ſhe riſe once in her life,
That fell ſo oft before ſhe was a wife.

239. *On a man whoſe choyce was to be hang'd or married.*

M. Lo here's the Bride, and there's the Tree,
Take which of theſe beſt liketh thee.
R. The choyce is bad on either part,
The woman's worſt, drive on the Cart.

240. *Women.*

Were women as little as they are good;
A Peſcod would make them a gown and a hood.

241. *On a Louſe.*

A Louſe no reaſon hath to deal ſo ill,
With them of whom ſhe hath ſo much her will;
She hath no tongue to ſpeak ought in their praiſe,
But to backbite them finds a tongue alwayes.

242. *A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.*

A Courtier proud walking along the ſtreet,
Hap'ned by chance a Scholler for to meet:
The Courtier ſaid (minding nought more then
Unto the Scholler (meeting face to face) (place,
To take the wall, baſe men I'l not permit;
The Scholler ſaid, I will; and gave him it.

243. *Cede majoribus.*

I took the wall, one rudely thruſt me by,
And told me the High-way did open ly,
I thank'd him that he would me ſo much grace,
To take the worſe and leave the better place;
For if by owners we eſteem of things,
The wall's the Subjects, but the way the Kings.

244. *On Betty.*

Sound teeth has *Betty*, pure as pearle and ſmall,
With mellow lips, and luſcious therewithall.

245. *A rule for Courtiers.*

He that will thrive in Court, muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumb.

246. *Why women wear a fall.*

A queſtion 'tis, why women wear a fall;
The truth it is, to pride they're given all,
And pride, the Proverb ſayes, will have a fall.

247. *Foras expertus.*

Preſcus hath been a traveller, for why?
He will ſo ſtrangely ſwagger, ſwear and ly.

248. *To a painted Whore.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty, that ſells all the reſt.

249. *Detur quod meritum.*

A Courtier kind in ſpeech, curſt in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,
Came to his friend to clear his bad ſuſpition,
And fearing leaſt he ſhould be more then chidden
Fell to flatt'ring and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
Vowing to kiſſe his foot if he were bidden.
My foot ſaid he? nay that were too ſubmiſſe;
You three foot higher, well deſerve to kiſſe.

250. *Non lubens loquitur.*

Gluto, at meals is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk,
When every one that sits about the bord,
Makes sport to ask, what *Gluto*, ne'r a word?
He forc'd to answer being very loath,
Is almost choak'd, speaking and eating both.

251. *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, none but those are dead, doe praise,
I would I might displease him all his dayes.

252. *The promise-breaker.*

Ventus doth promise much, but still doth break,
So all his promises are great and weak:
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)
Swelling so great, that they are broke out-right.

253. *Change.*

What now we like, anon we disapprove;
The new successor drives away old love.

254. *On a passing Bell.*

This dolefull musick of impartiall death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

255. *Nummos & demona jungit.*

Bat bids you swell with envy till you burst,
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,

Bringing

Bringing th'example of the Fox that's curſt (kill
And threatning ſolks who have leaſt power to
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall,
That hath already got the Devill and all.

256. *Nil gratum ratione carens.*

Paulus a Pamphlet doth in proſe preſent
Unto his Lord (the fruits of idle time)
Who far more careleſſe, then therewith content,
Wiſheth it were converted into rime:
Which done, and brought him at another ſeaſon
Said: now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reaſon.

257. *Non ceſſat perdere luſor.*

Aske *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes;
Like to the tide (quoth he) it ebbes and flowes,
Then I ſuppoſe his chance cannot be good,
For all men know 'tis longer ebbe than flood.

258. *Womens policy.*

To weep oft, ſtill to flatter, ſometime ſpin,
Are properties women excell men in.

259. *Volucrem ſic decipit auceps.*

Hidrus the Horſe-courſer (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate;
Claps on his hand, and prays he may not thrive,
If that his gelding be not under five. ☞

260. *Pu*

260. *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor leſſe meant *Promus* when that vow he made
Then to give o'r his couſening Tapſters trade,
Who check'd for ſhort and frothy meaſure, ſwore
He never would from henceforth fill pot more.

261. *On Death.*

How baſe hath ſin made man, to fear a thing
Which men call *Mors?* wch yet hath loſt all ſting,
And is but a privation as we know,
Nay is no word if we exempt the O:
Then let good men the fear of it defie,
All is but O, when they ſhall come to dye.

262. *To Mr. Ben Johnſon, demanding the reaſon why he call'd his playes works.*

Pray tell me *Ben.* where doth the myſtery lurk,
What others call a play, you call a work.

263. *Thus anſwer'd by a friend in* Ben Johnſons *defence.*

The Authors friend thus for the Anthor ſayes,
Bens plays are works, when others works are plays.

264. *On Crambo a lowſie ſhifter.*

By want of ſhift, ſince Lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſt and fed;
Crambo I muſe how you have Lice ſo many,
Since all men know, you ſhift as much as any.

265. *Ad Aristarchum.*

Be not agriev'd, my humorous lines afford
Of looser language here and there a word:
Who undertakes to sweep a common sink,
I cannot blame him, though his broom do stink.

266. *In Aulum.*

Aulus gives naught, men say, though much he
Yet I can tell to whom the Pox he gave. (crat

267. *On covetous persons.*

Patrons are Latrons, then by this
Th'are worst of greedy people,
Whose cognizance a Wolfs head is,
And in his mouth a steeple.

268. *On a Dyer.*

Who hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both, yet still he dies.

269. *Non verbera, sed verba.*

Two Schollars late appointed for the field;
Must, which was weakest to the other yield;
The quarrell first began about a word,
Which now should be decided by the sword:
But e'r they drew, there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends again by disputation.

270. *Lu*

270. *Love and Liberty.*

ove he that will; it beſt likes mee
o have my neck from loves yoke free.

271 *To a neat reader.*

hou ſay'ſt my verſes are rude, ragged, ruſſe,
ot like ſome others rimes, ſmooth dainty ſtuffe;
pigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
ike Cheſnuts ſweet, take thou the kernell out.

272. *Of Letting.*

n bed a young man with his old wife lay
O wife, quoth he, I've let a thing to day,
By which I fear, I am a loſer much:
His wife replyes, youths bargains ſtill are ſuch;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring—
O wife, quoth hee, no loſer am I now,
A marv'lous ſaver I am made by you;
Young men that old wives have may never fell;
Becauſe old wives, quoth hee, let things ſo well.

273. *Sublata cauſa &c.*

Why ſtudies *Silveſter* no more the lawes,
'Tis thought *Duck-lane* has tane away the cauſe.

274. *Sapiat qui dives, oportet.*

'Tis known how well I live, sayes *Romeo*,
And whom I list, I'le love, or will despise:
Indeed it's reason good it should be so:
For they that wealthy are, must needs be wise:
But this were ill, if so it come to passe,
That for your wealth you must be beg'd an as

275. *In Dossum.*

Dosse riding forth, the wind was very big,
And strained court'sie with his Perriwig,
Leaving his sconce behind so voyd of haire,
As *Esops* Crow might break her Oyster there;
Fool he to think his hair could tarry fast,
When *Boreas* teare forrests with a blast.

276. *Post dulcia, finis amarus.*

Jenkin a Welshman that had suits in Law,
Journying to *London*, chanc'd to steal a Cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ne'r mon saw)
Was burnt within the fist and know not how:
Being ask'd if well the Lawes with him did stan
Hur have hur now (quoth *Jenkin*) in hur hand.

277. *Feminæ ludificantur viros.*

Kind *Katharine* to her Husband kist these words,
Mine own sweet *Will*, how dearly doe I love the

If true (quoth *Will*) the world no such affords,
And that it's true, I durst his warrant bee;
For ne'r heard I of woman good or ill,
But alwayes loved best, her owne sweete will.

278. *Ad Tuffetum.*

Tuffet, They tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thy self couldst never thrive;
So like the whetstone many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.

229. *Præstat videri quam esse.*

Clitus with clients is well customed,
That hath the Lawes but little studied;
No matter *Clitus*, so they bring their fees,
How ill the case and thy advice agrees.

280. *Tunc tua res agitur.*

A jealous Marchant that a Sailor met,
Ask'd him the reason why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their absence might beget,
That still at Sea, constrained are to tarry?
Sir (quoth the saylor) think you that so strange?
'Tis done the time whiles you but walke th'ex-
(change:

281. *On Skoles.*

Skoles ſtinks ſo deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampiſh buttocks ſo much to cloth;
Cloyd they are up with Arſe; but hope, and bla
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at laſt.

282. *A Conference.*

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,
My ſelf a Swiſſe, with an Hungarian,
At ſupper met, diſcourſed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that underſtood another.

283. *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not an hypocrite, and why?
He flyes all goods, to fly hypocriſy.

284. *Quod non verba ſuadeant?*

Sextus halfe ſav'd his credit with a jeſt,
That at a reckoning this deviſe had got,
When he ſhould come to draw amongſt the reſt,
And ſaw each man had coyn, himſelf had not;
His empty pocket feels, and 'gins to ſay,
In ſadneſſe Sirs, here's not a croſſe to pay.

285. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his faſeſt flight
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

286. *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as Children Rattles keep,
When play'd a while with't then they fall asleep.

287. *In Fannium.*

What fury's this? his foe whilst *Fannius* flyes,
He kils himself, for fear of death he dyes.

288. *On a vaunting Poetaster.*

Cecilius boasts his Verses worthy be
To be ingraven on a Cypresse tree;
A Cypresse wreath befits them well, 'tis true;
For they are near their death and crave but due.

289. *In divites iracundos.*

Rich friends 'gainst poor to anger still are prone:
It is not well, but profitably done.

290. *Durum telum necessitas.*

Coquus with hunger pennilesse constrain'd
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,
Had suddenly this project entertain'd,
In stead of what's to pay, to call mine host;
Who being come entreateth him discusse,
What price the Law alots for shedding blood:
Whereto mine Host directly answers thus,
'Twas alwayes forty pence, he understood:

So then, quoth *Coquus*, to requite your paine,
Pray break my head, and give me what remaine.

291. *To an upstart.*

Thy old friends thou forgotst having got wealth
No marvaile, for thou hast forgot thy selfe.

292. *Ambition.*

In wayes to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all Ambition is.

293. *Suum cuique.*

A strange contention being lately had,
Which kind of Musick was the sweet'st and best,
Some praise the sprightly sound, and some the sad
Some lik't the Viols; and among the rest,
Some in the Bag-pipes commendation spoke,
Quoth one stood by, give me a pipe of smoke.

294. *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new fashions doth invent;
Things which are old, young men do not esteem
What pleasd our Fathers, doth not us content:
What flourish'd then, we out of fashion deem:
And that's the cause as I doe understand,
Why *Prodigus* did sell his Fathers Land.

295. *In Medicum.*

When *Mingo* cryes, how do you sir? 'tis thought
He Patients wanteth; and his practice's naught:
Wherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,
With [I am glad to see you well] he greeteth:
But who'l believe him now, when all can tell,
The world goes ill with him, when all are well?

296. *On Zelot.*

Is *Zelot* pure? he is: yee see he wears
The signe of *Circumcision* in his ears.

297. *Crispati crines plumæ dant calcar amori.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his shoulder wears a dangling lock?
The one foretels hee'l sooner fly then fight,
The other shows hee's wrapt in's mothers smock.
But wherefore wears he such a jingling spur?
O know, he deals with Jades that will not stir.

298. *On Boung-Bob.*

Bob, thou, nor souldier, theef, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'st, th'hast one good part,

299. *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a womans hair doth wear,
But yet he wears the same comb'd out behind:

So men the wallet of their faults doe bear,
For if before him, he that fault should find:
I think foul shame would his faire face invade,
To see a man so like a woman made.

300. *On Crab.*

Crab faces gowns with sundry Furres; 'tis known
He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

301. *Dolo intimus.*

Nor Hauk, nor Hound, nor Horse, those letters bl
But ach it self, 'tis *Brutus* bones attaches.

302. *Of Batardus.*

Batardus needs would know his Horoscope,
To see if he were born to scape the rope:
The *Magus* said, ere thou mine answer have,
I must the name of both thy parents crave:
That said, *Batardus* could not speak but spit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doors at last he stept with shame,
To ask his mother for his fathers name.

303. *Consuetudo lex.*

Two wooers for a wench were each at strife,
Which should enjoy her to his wedded wife,
Quoth th'one, she's mine, because I first her saw;
She's mine, quoth th'other, by Pye-corner law:

Where sticking once a prick on what you buy,
It's then your own, which no man must deny.

304. *On Women's denial.*

Women, although they ne're so goodly make it,
Their fashion is but to say no, and take it.

305. *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no Poet ever writ,
Before that love inspir'd his dull-head wit:
And that himself in love had wit no more,
Then one stark mad, though somwhat wise before.

306. *On Marriage.*

Wedding and hanging the Destinies dispatch,
But hanging seems to some the better match.

307. *Vidua aurata.*

Gallus hath got a widow wondrous old,
The reason is he woo'd her for her gold:
Knowing her Maids are young and serve for hire,
Which is as much as *Gallus* doth desire.

308. *In Dol prægnantem.*

Dol learning *Propria quæ maribus* without Book,
Like *Nomen crescent is genitivo* doth look.

309. *Timidos fortuna repellit.*

When *Miles* the Serving-man my Lady kist,
She knew him not (though scarcely could resist)

For this (quoth he) my Maſter bid me ſay; —
How's that (quoth ſhe) and frowning flings away:
Vext to the heart, ſhe took her mark amiſſe,
And that ſhe ſhould a ſerving creature kiſſe.
Why thus it is when fools muſt make it known,
They come on others buſineſſe, not their own.

310. *Againſt a certain* —

For mad-men Bedlam, Bridewell for a Knave,
Chooſe whether of thoſe two th'adſt rather have.

311. *Loves progreſſe.*

Loves firſt approach, delights ſweet ſong doth ſing:
But in departure, ſhe woes ſting doth bring.

312. *On old Scylla.*

Scylla is toothleſſe, yet, when ſhe was young,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue.
What ſhall I then of toothleſſe *Scylla* ſay,
But that her tongue hath worn her teeth away?

313. *On Gallants cloaks.*

Without, plain cloaks; within, pluſh't: but I doubt
The wearer's worſt within, and beſt without.

314. *On Banks the Uſurer.*

Banks feels no lameneſſe on his knotty Gout,
His money travels for him in and out:

And

nd though the foundest legs goe every day,
toils to be as Hell as soon as they.

315. *Pecunia prævalens.*

ell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Aristotles*; (ties.
ang't, give him wealth enough; let wit stop bot-

316. *On the same.*

m vow'd to beat his boy against the wall,
nd as he struck he forthwith caught a fall:
he boy deriding, said, I doe aver,
have done a thing, you cannot stand to sir.

317. *On Debt.*

o be indebted is a shame men say,
hen 'tis confessing of a shame to pay.

318. *A forsworn Maid.*

Losa being false and perjur'd, once a friend
id me contented be, and mark her end:
ut yet I care not, let my friend goe fiddle;
et him mark her end, I'l mark her middle.

319. *Adversity.*

ove is maintain'd by wealth, when all is spent,
dversity then breeds the discontent.

320. *On Soranzo.*

oranzo's broad-brim hat I oft compare
o the vast compasse of the heavenly sphere:

His

His head, the Earth's globe, fixed under it;
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

321. *To a great Gheſt.*

With other Friends I bid you to my Feaſt,
Though coming late, yet are you not the leaſt.

322. *In Cottam.*

Cotta when he hath din'd ſaith, God be praiſd,
Yet never praiſeth God for meat or drink:
Sith *Cotta* ſpeaketh, and not practiſeth,
He ſpeaketh ſurely what he doth not think.

323. *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a Servant to the heart,
And what it gave ſhe freely did impart:
But now hypocriſie is grown ſo ſtrong,
She makes the heart a ſervant to the tongue.

324. *On Rumpe.*

Rump is a Turn-ſpit, yet he ſeldome can
Steale a ſwolne ſop out of the dripping-pan.

325. *On Poverty.*

If thou be poor, thou ſhalt be ever ſo,
None now do wealth, but on the rich beſtow.

326. *In Ebrioſum.*

Fie man (ſaith ſhe) but I tell Miſtriſſe *Anne*,
Her drunken Husband is no drunken man.

For those wits which are overcome with drink,
Are voyd of reason, and are Beasts I think.

327. *Wills error.*

Will sayes his wife's so far, she scarce can go,
But she as nimbly answers, Faith Sir no:
Alas good *Will*, thou art mistaken quite,
For all men know, that she is wondrous light.

328. *On Rome.*

Hate and debate, *Rome* through the world hath spread,
Yet *Roma*, *amor* is, if backward read:
Then is't not strange, *Rome* hate should foster? no,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

329. *On Tuck.*

At Post and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play
This Christmasse, but his want therewith, says nay.

330. *Some thing no savour.*

All things have savour, though some but small;
Nay, a box on th'eare, hath no smell at all.

331. *Art, Fortune, and Ignorance.*

When Fortune fell asleep, and hate did blind her,
Art, Fortune lost; and Ignorance did find her:
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortunes store,
Hath been inrich'd, and Art hath still been poor.

332. *On*

332. *On Bibens.*

Bibens to ſhew his liberality,
Made *Luſus* drunk; (a noble quality, (pro
And much eſteem'd) which *Bibens* faln would
To be the ſigne of his familiar love:
Luſus beware, thou'lt finde him in the end,
Familiar Devil, no familiar friend.

333. *On Tobacco.*

Things which are common, common men do u
The better ſhrt doe common things refuſe:
Yet Countries-cloth-breech,& Court-velvet-ho
Puffe both alike Tobacco through the noſe.

334. *On Cupid.*

Cupid no wonder was not cloth'd of old,
For love though naked, ſeldome e'r is cold.

335. *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutchman goes,
Yet drunk with Engliſh Ale, one would ſuppoſe
That he would ſhoulder down each door & wall
But they muſt ſtand, or he, poor fool muſt fall.

336. *On Love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers ſay:
Thou following him, with one he flyes away;

Wit

ith th'other, if thou fly he follows thee:
herefore the Laſt, Love, onely uſe for me.

337. *On the ſame.*

Love, as 'tis ſaid, doth work with ſuch ſtrange (tools,
That he can make fools wiſe-men, wiſe-men fools,
Then happy I, for being nor fool, nor wiſe,
Love with his toyes and tools I ſhall deſpiſe.

338. *On a Woman.*

ome the word *Woman* fetch, though with ſmall
From thoſe that want one to effect their wil (ſkil,
If ſo, I think that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want none.

339. *Ingluviem ſequitur fames.*

Curio would feed upon the daintieſt fare,
That with the Court or Country might compare:
For what lets *Curio* that he need to care,
To frolick freely with the proud'ſt that dare:
But this exceſſe was ſuch in all things rare,
As he prov'd bankrupt e'r he was aware.

340. *On Maulſters.*

Such *Maulſters* as ill meaſure ſell for gain,
Are not meer knaves, but alſo knaves in grain.

341. *In*

341. *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perſwade him all I can,
The world ſhould take him for a Gentleman:
His reaſon's this, becauſe men ſhould not deem,
That he is ſuch as he doth never ſeem.

342. *On Priſcus Miſtreſſe.*

Priſcus commends his Miſtris for a Girle,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and whoſe teeth are pearle
Th'had need prove ſo, or elſe it will be found,
He payes too dear; they coſt him many a pound.

343. *On Women.*

Women think wo--men far more conſtant be,
Than we---men, and the letter O we ſee,
In wo---men, not in we---men, as they ſay,
Figures earths conſtant Orbe; we---men ſay nay
It means the Moon, which proves (none think)
Women are conſtant, & moſt true in change. (ſtrange

344. *On Souldiers.*

Not faith, nor conſcience common ſoldiers carry
Beſt pay, is right; their hands are mercenary.

345. *Druſius and Furio.*

Furio would fight with *Druſius* in the field,
Becauſe the ſtraw, ſtout *Druſius* would not yield,

On which their Mistris trod; they both did meet;
Drusus in field fell dead at *Furio's* feet;
One had the straw, but with it this Greek letter Fi
The other lost it, pray who had the better?

346. *On Cupid.*

Love is a Boy, and subject to the rod
Some say, but Lovers say he is a God:
I think that love is neither god nor boy,
But a mad brains imaginary toy.

347. *On Candidus.*

When I am sick, not else, thou com'st to see me,
Would fortune from both torments still would (free me.

348. *On a Puritan.*

From impure mouths, now many bear the name
Of Puritan, yet merit not the same.
This one shall onely be my Puritan
That is a knave, yet seems an honest man.

349. *Ostendit hedera vinum.*

A scoffing mate, that past along Cheap-side,
Incontinent a gallant lasse espide;
Whose tempting Breasts (as to the sale laid out)
Incites this youngster thus to 'gin to flout.

Lady

Lady (quoth he) is this flesh to be sould?
No Lord (quoth she) for silver nor for gold,
But wherefore aske you? (and there made a stop)
To buy (quoth he) if not shut up your shop.

350. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Pedes grown proud makes men admire thereat,
Whose baser breeding, should they think not beare
Nay, he on cock-horse rides, how like you that?
Tut! *Pedes* proverb is, Win gold and weare it.
But *Pedes* you have seen them rise in haste,
That through their pride have broke their neck
(at last.

351. *Upon Lavina.*

Lavina brought to bed, her husband lookes
To know's childs fortune throughout his bookes,
(rather,
His neighbours think h'had need search backward
And learn for certain who had been the father.

352. *Report and Error.*

Error by Error, Tales by Tales, great grow;
As Snow-balls doe, by rowling to and fro.

353. *In Superbum.*

Ruffick *Superbus* fine new cloths hath got,
Of Taffata and velvet, fair in sight;

The

The shew of which hath so bewitcht the sot,
That he thinks Gentlemen to be his right:
But he's deceiv'd; for true that is of old,
An Ape's an Ape, though he wear cloth of gold.

354. *No truth in Wine.*

Truth is in wine, but none can find it there,
For in your Taverns, men will lye and sweare.

355. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was so free of Oaths last day,
That he would swear, what e'r he thought to say:
But now such is his chance, whereat he's griev'd
The more he sweares, the lesse he is believ'd.

356. *On Celsus.*

Celsus doth love himself, *Celsus* is wise,
For now no Rivall e'r can claim his prize.

357. *On Christmasse Ivy.*

At Christmasse men doe alwayes Ivy get,
And in each corner of the house it set:
But why doe they, then, use that *Bacchus* weed?
Because they mean, then *Bacchus*-like to feed.

358. *Adversity.*

Adversity hurts none, but onely such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

359. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus* to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a health unto his friend:
And there he did so long in liquour pour,
That he lay quite sick-drunk upon the floor.
Judge, was there not a drunkards kindnes shown,
To drink his friend a health, and loose his own?

360. *Of a fat man.*

He's rich, that hath great in-comes by the year:
Then that great belly'd man is rich, I'l swear:
For sure his belly ne'r so big had bin,
Had he not daily had great commings in.

361. *A wished Cramp.*

Some have the Cramp in legs, and hands, 'tis told,
I wish't in my wifes tongue, when she doth scold.

362. *Vindicta vim sequitur.*

Nick being kick'd and spurr'd, pursues the Law,
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Which, when the party wch had wrong'd him, saw;
Thought 'twas too great a fine for such offence.
Why then, quoth *Nick*, if I too much request,
Thou maist at any time kick out the rest.

363. *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being young, they said he was a Gull;
Of his simplicity each mouth was full:

And

And pittying him, they'd say, the foolish Lad
Would surely be deceived, of all he had.
His youth is past, now may they turn him loose;
For why? the gull is grown to be a Goose.

364. *Per plumas anser.*

See how young *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthfull until now:
Ere Christmas next, his green Goose will be gray,
And those high burnish'd plumes in's cap wil bow:
But you do wrong him, since his purse is full,
To call him Goose, that is so young a Gull.

365. *Of Jenkin.*

Jenkin is a rude Clowne, goe tell him so;
What need I tell, what he himself doth know?
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a sot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

365. *On Trigg.*

Trigg having turn'd his sute he struts in state,
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

366. *To Fortune.*

Poets say Fortune's blind, and cannot see,
And therefore to be born withall, if she
Sometimes drops gifts on undeserving wights:
But sure they are deceiv'd; she hath her sight;

Elſe could it not at all times ſo fall out,
That fools ſhould have, and wiſe men go without.

367. *On Briſcus.*

I pray you give Sir *Briſcus* leave to ſpeak,
The Gander loves to hear himſelf to creak.

368. *On an Engliſh Ape.*

Would you believe, when you this Monſieur ſee,
That his whole body ſhould ſpeak *French*, not he?
That he untravell'd ſhould be *French* ſo much,
As *French* men in his company ſhould ſeem *Dutch*!
Or hung ſome *Monſieurs* picture on the wall;
By which his *damne* conceiv'd him, cloaths & all?
No, 'tis the new *French* Taylors motion, made
Dayly to walk th'Exchange, and help the trade.

369. *Poſſeſſions.*

Thoſe poſſeſſions ſhort liv'd are
Into the which we come by warre.

370. *Nulla dies ſine linea.*

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better far then gold:
Fortune would give him gold which would decay
But Fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

371. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Harts-head he had bought,
To hang his hat upon, and home it brought:
To whom his frugall wife, what needs that care?
I hope, ſweet-heart, your head your hat can beare.

372. *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kind ſalute,
Would needs intreat my cuſtome for a ſuite:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e'r you pleaſe, I'l take your word for all.
I thank'd, took, gave my word; ſay than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

373. *Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

When *Cæcus* had bin wedded now three dayes,
And all his neighbours bad God give him joy,
This ſtrange concluſion with his wife aſſayes,
Why til her marriage-day ſhe prov'd ſo coy: (yeild
'Fore God (ſaith he) 'twas well thou didſt not
For doubtleſs then my purpoſe was to leave thee.
Oh Sir (quoth ſhe) I once was ſo beguild, (me.
And thought the next man ſhould not ſo deceive
Now fie upon't (quoth he) thou breedſt my wo.
Why man (quoth ſhe) I ſpeak but *quid pro quo.*

374. *On Sims mariage.*

Six monthe, quoth *Sim*, a Suiter, and not ſped?
I in a ſev'n-night did both woo and wed (ſhake;
Who green fruit loves, muſt take long paines to
Thine was ſome down-fall, I dare undertake.

375. *Upon Sis.*

Sis brags ſh'hath beauty, and will prove the ſame:
As how? as thus Sir; 'tis her Puppies name.

376. *On Clym.*

Clym cals his wife, and reckoning all his neighbors,
Juſt half of them are Cuckolds, he avers.
Nay fie, quoth ſhe, I would they heard you ſpeak;
You of your ſelf, it ſeems, no reckoning make.

377. *On Gut.*

Science puffs up, ſayes *Gut*, when either Peaſe
Make him thus ſwell, or windy Cabbages.

378. *On Womens faults.*

We men in many faults abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worſt that from their Sex proceeds,
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds.

379. *To a Muck-worm.*

Content great riches is, to make which true,
Your Heir would be content to bury you.

380. *On*

380. *On Law.*

Our Civil Law doth seem a Royall thing,
It hath more titles then the Spanish King;
But yet the Common-Law quite puts it down,
In getting, like the Pope, so many a Crown.

381. *In Coam.*

A nor ſo will *Coa* eſpy,
Til ſhe aſcend up to the corner'd π

382. *Maids Nay's.*

Mayds Nayes are nothing, they are ſhy
But to deſire what they deny.

383. *De Ore.*

Os of *O*, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take:
And I had been of *Scaligers* belief,
But that I look'd in *O*, and ſaw no Teeth.

384. *In Hugonem.*

Though praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* himſelfe alone.

385. *On Severus.*

Severus is extream in eloquence,
For he creates rare phraſe, but rarer ſenſe:

Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,
He utters ſpeech exceeding quaint and coy;
Diminutive, and my defective ſlave,
My pleaſures pleaſure is, that I muſt have
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
T'inſconce my perſon from frigility.
His Man believ's all's Welſh his Maſter ſpoke,
Til he rails Engliſh, Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

386. *On Julias weeping.*

She by the River ſate, and ſitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

387. *On a Gallant.*

What Gallant's that, whoſe Oaths fly through (mine ears)
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he ſwears!
How Dutchman-like he ſwallowes down his (drink!
How ſweet he takes Tobacco til he ſtink!
How lofty ſprighted he diſdains a Boor!
How faithfull hearted he is to a ——!
How Cock-tail proud he doth himſelf advance!
How rare his ſpurs do ring the Morrice-dance!
Now I proteſt by Miſtris *Suſans* Fan,
He and his boy will make a proper man.

388. *On* Vertue, Milla's *Maid.*

Saith *Aristotle*, *Vertue* ought to be
Communicative of her self & free;
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's* maid, been so?
Who's grown hereby, as big as she can go.

389. *On Corydon.*

An home-spun Peasant with his Urine-glasse,
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your worship, that, shall by my water know.

390. *On a Spanish Souldier.*

A Spanish Souldier, sick unto the death,
His Pistol to's Physician did bequeath.
Who did demand, what should the reason be,
'Bove other things to give him that; (quoth he)
This with your practice joyned, you may kill,
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

391. *Upon the Asse.*

The Asse a Courtier on a time would be,
And travel'd forrain Nations for to see;
But home returned, fashion he could none,
His main and tail were onely larger grown.

392. *On Hypocrisie.*

As Venison in a poor mans Kitchin's rare;
So Hypocrites and Usurers in Heaven are.

393. De-

393. *Dæmonum certamen.*

A Broker and an Usurer contended,
Which in's profession was the most befriended;
And for experience more to have it tride,
A Scrivener must the difference decide,
To whom (quoth he) you like the Fox & Cub,
One shall be *Mammon*, th'other *Belzebub*.

394. *On Love.*

Love's of it selfe too sweet; the best of all
Is; when Loves honey has a dash of gall.

395. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dyes, as Poets sung;
His Heart's the last that stirs, of hers the Tongue.

396. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) because I'd live a quiet life.

397. *On Fornus.*

Fornus takes pains, he need not without doubt,
O yes, he labours much. How? with the Gout.

398. *Quid non ebrietas.*

Rubin reports, his Mistris is a Punk:
Which being told her, was no whit dismaid,
For sure as death (quoth she) the Villains drunk

An

And in that taking, knows not what he said.
'Twas well excus'd, but oft it comes to passe,
That true we find, *In vino veritas.*

399. *No Paines, no Gaines.*

If little labour, little are our gaines,
Mans fortunes are according to his pains.

400. *Infirmis animosus.*

Pontus by no means from his coyn departs,
Z'foot, will you have of men more then their (hearts?

401. *A culina ad curiam.*

Lixa, that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known or seen:
And reason good, he hath the place resign'd;
Witnesse his cloak, throughout with Velvet lin'd,
Which by a Paradox comes thus to passe;
The greasie Gull is turn'd a gallant asse.

402. *Frustra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was Stand, and after stand Deliver.
But *Dick*'s in Newgate, and he feares shall never
Be blest again with that sweet word, Deliver.

403. *Magnis non est morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accomplished,
With due performance of his fathers page:

Looke

Looke back of purpose to be honoured,
And on each slight occasion 'gins to rage;
You, villain, dog, where hath your stay bin such?
Quoth he, the Broker would not lend so much.

404. *Puduit sua damna referre.*

Such ill successe had *Dick* at Dice last night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play least in sight:
But if you love him, make thereof no speeches,
He lost his Rapier, Cloak, and Velvet Breeches.

405. *Ad Lectorem.*

Reader, thou seest how pale these papers look,
While they fear thy hard censure on my Book.

406. *Nimis docuit consuetudo.*

Old *Fuens* board is oft replenished,
But nought thereof must be diminished,
Unlesse some worthlesse upper-dish or twain;
The rest for service still again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for show,
Leaving a dish upon the bench below,
Was by his Master (much offended) blam'd,
Which he, as brief, with answer quickly fram'd;
T'hath been so often brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoft it selfe had known the way.

407. *Poculo junguntur amici.*

A health, saith *Lucas*, to his Loves bright ey
Which not to pledge, were much indignity:
You cannot doe him greater courtesie,
Then to be drunk, and dam'd for company.

408. *Nullum stimulum ignavis.*

Cæcus awake, was tol'd the Sun appear'd,
Which had the darkneſſe of the morning clear'd:
But *Cæcus* ſluggiſh, thereto makes reply,
The Sun hath further far to goe then I.

409. *In Richardum.*

At three goe-downs *Dick* doffs me off a pot,
The Engliſh Gutter's Latine for his throat.

410. *Non penna, ſed uſus.*

Cajus accounts himſelf accurſt of men,
Onely becauſe his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen,
And yet hath ſince, another Tutor got.
Cajus it ſeems, Thy ſkill ſhe did but cheapen,
And means to try him at another weapon.

411. *An abſolute Gallant.*

If you will ſee true valour here diſplay'd,
Heare *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid.

D'ye see me wrong'd, and will ye thus restrain me?
Sir, let me go, for by these hilts I'l brain ye.
Shall a base patch with appearance wrong me?
I'l kill the villain, pray do not prolong me.
Call my Tobacco putrified stuffe?
Tell me it stinks? say it is drosse I snuffe!
Sirrah! what are you? why Sir, what would you?
I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:
O are you so? I cry you mercy then,
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

412. *To Momus.*

Momus thou say'st my Verses are but toyes:
'Tis true, yet truth is often spoke by boyes.

413. *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth shew his purse, and tell you this,
It is more horrid then a Pest-house is;
For in a Pest-house many mortals enter,
But in his purse one Angel dares not venter.

414. *Abditio perditio.*

From *Moll* but merry, men but mirth derive,
For *trix* 'tis makes her prove demonstrative.

415. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to goe see;

What

What doth my Feather flouriſh with a grace?
And this my curled hair become my face?
How decent doth my Doublet's form appear?
I would I had my Sute in Long-lane here.
Do not my ſpurs pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my hoſe-circumference profound?
Sir theſe be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Tayler with a ſheet of Paper-bill,
Vowes hee'l be paid, and Sergeants he hath ſee'd,
Which wait your coming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady ſtay,
I'll ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

416. *In Sextum.*

Sextus ſix pockets wears, two for his uſes,
The other four to pocket up abuſes.

417. *A Stammerer.*

Balbus with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeak as well as he;
For others ſpeak but with their mouth he knowes,
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth & noſe.

418. *On himſelfe.*

I diſlikt but even now;
Now I love I know not how.
Was I idle, and that while
Was I fired with a ſmile?

Ile to work, or pray, and then
I shall quite dislike agen.

419. *Tom's fortune.*

Tom tels he's rob'd, and counting all his losses,
Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of crosses;
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,
Th'art certain never to have crosse agen.

420. *Opus and Usus.*

Opus for need consum'd his wealth apace,
And ne'r would cease untill he was undone;
His brother *Usus* liv'd in better case
Than *Opus* did, although the eldest son.
'Tis strange it should be so, yet here was it,
Opus had all the Land, *Usus* the Wit.

421. *A good Wife.*

A Batchelor would have a Wife were wise,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed —
Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultlesse size;
A Country housewife in the City bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath staid;
He should bespeak her, there's none ready made.

422. *Anger.*

Wrongs if neglected, vanish in short time;
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

423. *Upon*

423. *Upon Gellia.*

When *Gellia* went to ſchool, and was a Girle;
Her teeth for whiteneſs might compare with pearle
But after ſhe the taſte of ſweet meats knew,
They turn'd all Opals, to a perfect blew;
Now *Gellia* takes Tobacco, what ſhould let,
But laſt they ſhould converted be to jet?

424. *On an unconſtant Miſtreſſe.*

I dare not much ſay when I thee commend,
Leſt thou be changed e're my praiſes end.

425. *In Lesbiam.*

Why ſhould I love thee *Lesbia?* I no reaſon ſee:
Then out of reaſon, *Lesbia*, I love thee.

426. *In Paulinum.*

Paul by day wrongs me, yet he daily ſweares,
He wiſheth me as well as to his ſoul;
I know his drift to damn that he nought cares,
To pleaſe his body, therefore good friend *Paul*,
If thy kinde nature will afford me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

427. *On Zeno.*

Zeno would fain th'old widow *Egle* have;
Truſt me he's wiſe, for ſhe is rich and brave:

But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, she will none of you;
In my mind she's the wiser of the two.

428. *Of a Drunkard.*

Cinna one time most wonderfully swore,
That whilst he breath'd he would drink no more.
But since I know his meaning, for I think
He meant he would not breath whilst he did drink.

429. *To Cotta.*

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not salute thee,
I us'd it whilst I worthy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

430. *To Women.*

Ye that have beauty, and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-song lesson without ditty

431. *On Creta.*

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proof, for every one can tell:
So strong's her love, that if I not mistake,
It doth extend to others for his sake.

432. *On Priscus.*

Why still doth *Priscus* strive to have the wall?
Because he's often drunk and fears to fall.

433.

433. *On Rufus.*

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay you what you dare,
I'l throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyn I'l never spare;
Why *Rufus*, that's the cause of all that's sold?
For with frank Gamesters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

434. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of so great pow'r,
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds, devour.

435. *Upon Nasuto.*

When at the Table once I did averre,
Well-taken discords best did please the ear,
And would be judg'd by any Quiristter,
Were in the Chappel, *Pauls*, or *Westminster*;
Nasuto sitting at the nether end,
(First having drunk and cough'd) quoth he my friend,
If that were true, my wife and I, I feare,
Should soon be sent to some Cathedral Quire.

436. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep discourtesy,
Calls an Attorny meer Necessity:
The more knave he, admit he had no Law,
Must he be flouted at by every Daw?

437. *On Furius.*

Furius a lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd ſo madly that he loſt his wits;
Yet he loſt nought, yet grant I, he was mad,
How could he loſe that which he never had?

438. *Fools Fortune.*

Fools have great fortune, but yet not all,
For ſome are great fools, whoſe fortune's ſmall.

439. *Tace ſed age.*

Little or nothing ſaid, ſoon mended is,
But they that nothing do, do moſt amiſſe.

440. *On Count-ſurly.*

Count-ſurly will no Scholler entertain:
Or any wiſer then himſelf; how ſo?
The reaſon is, when fools are in his train,
His wit amongſt them, makes a goodly ſhow.

441. *On Women.*

When man lay dead-like, woman took her life,
From a crook't embleme of her nuptiall ſtrife;
And hence (as bones would be at reſt) her eaſe
She loves ſo well, and is ſo hard to pleaſe.

442. *Verſes.*

442. *Verſes.*

Who will not honour noble Numbers, when
Verſes out-live the braveſt deeds of men?

443. *Poor Irus.*

Irus uſing to lye upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here lien ſo hard (quoth he)
Having but one poor feather under me:
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe,
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

444. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not luſty *Doll*, that ſtrives ſo much,
To keep her light heart free from ſorrowes touch;
Shee'l dance and ſing a hem boyes, hey all ſix,
She's ſteel to th'back, all mirth, all *meretrix*.

445. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

446. *Like queſtion like anſwer.*

A young beginner walking through Cheap-ſide,
A houſe ſhut up he preſently eſpy'd
And read the Bill, which o'r the door was ſet,
Which ſaid, the houſe and ſhop was to be let;

That known, he ask'd a young man presently,
Which at the next door stood demurely.
May not this shop be let alone? quoth he,
Yes, you may let 'e alone for ought I see.

447. *On deaf Joan.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
Just like a sounding Jugge that wants an eare.

448. *Of an ill wife.*

Priscus was weeping when his wife did dye,
Yet he was then in better case then I:
I should be merry, and should think to thrive,
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

449. *Meum & Tuum.*

Megge lets her husband boast of rule and riches,
But she rules all the roast, and wears the breeches.

450. *Deaths trade.*

Death is a Fisherman, the world we see
His Fish-pond is, and we the Fishes be,
He sometimes, Angler-like, doth with us play,
And slily takes us one by one away;
Diseases are the murthering-hooks, which he
Doth catch us with, the bait mortality,

Which

Which we poor filly fish devour, til strook,
At last too late we feel the bitter hook.
At other times he brings his net, and then
At once sweeps up whole Cities ful of men,
Drawing up thousands at a draught, and saves
Onely some few, to make the others graves;
His Net some raging pestilence; now he
Is not so kind as other Fishers be;
For if they take one of the smaller frye,
They throw him in again, he shall not dye:
But death is sure to kill all he can get,
And all is Fish with him, that comes to Net.

451. *Of Bice.*

Bice laughs when no man speaks, and denies not
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

452. *Valiant in drinke.*

Who onely in his Cups will fight, is like
A clock that must be oil'd wel ere it strike.

453. *Master and Scholler.*

A *Pedant* ask'd a *Puny* ripe and bold,
In an hard frost, the Latine word for *cold*:
I'l tell you out of hand, (quoth he) for lo,
I have it at my fingers end, you know.

454. *Gaſters great belly.*

Gaſter did ſeem to me to want his eyes,
For he could neither ſee his legs nor thighs;
But yet it was not ſo; he had his ſight,
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

455. *Drunken Dick.*

When *Dick* for want of drunken mates growes ſick,
Then with himſelf to work goes faithfull *Dick*.
The buttery dore t'himſelf he ſhutteth cloſe (noſe:
That done, then goes the pot ſtraight wayes to's
A health (quoth noble *Dick*) each hogs-head than
Muſt ſeeming pledge this honeſt faithfull man:
But ſtraight from kindnes *Dick* to humors growes,
And then to th'barrels he his valour ſhowes,
Throwing about the cups, the pots, the glaſſes,
And rails at the tuns, calling them drunken aſſes:
Ne'r ceaſing this ſame faithfull coyl to keep,
Till under th'hogſhead *Dick* falls faſt aſleep.

456. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty block *Sextinus* names his Hat,
So much the fitter for his head by that.

457. *Sine ſanguine.*

Ralph challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
Their Parents heard on't, O how they lamented!

But

But good luck was, they soon were freed of fear,
The one ne'r meant, the other came not there.

458. *On humane Bodies.*

Our bodies are like shooes, which off we cast,
Physick their Cobler is, and death the last.

459. *On Trencherman.*

Tom shifts the Trenchers, yet he never can,
Endure that luke-warm name of Servingman;
Serve or not serve, let *Tom* doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a *Trencher-man.*

460. *A Toothlesse-prattler.*

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordain,
The nimble frisking tongue for to contain:
No marvel then since that the hedge is out,
If *Fuscus* tongue walketh so fast about.

461. *A musicall Lady.*

A Lady fairer far then fortunate,
(In dancing) thus o'r-shot her self of late,
The Musick not in tune, pleasd not her mind,
For which he with the Fidlers fault did find;
Fidlers (quoth she) your Fiddles tune for shame,
But as she was a speaking of the same,
To mend the consort, let she did a (F.)

Whereas

Whereas the fidling knaves thus did her greet,
Madam your pipe's in tune, it playes most sweet;
Strike up, qd. they, (but then the knaves did smile)
And as you p p-, wee'l dance another while.
At which, away the blushing Lady flings,
But as she goes, her former notes she sings.

462. *In Lauretam.*

Lauretta is laid o'r, how I'l not say,
And yet I think two manner of wayes I may,
Doubly laid o'r, *videlicet*, her face,
Laid o'r with colours, and her coat with lace.

463. *On Macer.*

You call my verses toy's, th'are so, 'tis true,
Yet they are better then ought comes from you.

464. *Briskap the Gallant.*

Though thou hast little judgement in thy head,
More than to dresse thee, drink and goe to bed;
Yet may'st thou take the wall, & th'way shalt lead,
Sith Logick wills that simple things precede.

465. *Necessity hath no Law.*

Florus did beat his Cook, and 'gan to sweate,
Because his meat was rotten roasted there. (Lou
Peace good Sir (quoth the Cook) Need hath no
'Tis rotten roasted, 'cause 'twas rotten raw.

466. I

466. *In Garentium.*

Garentius might have wedded where he woo'd,
But he was poor, his means was nothing good,
'Twas but for lack of living that he loſt her;
For why? no penny now, no *Pater noſter*.

467. *On Harpax.*

Harpax gave to the poor all by his will,
Becauſe his heir ſhould not faign'd tears diſtil.

468. *To a Barber.*

Tonſorius onely lives by cutting haire,
And yet he brags that Kings to him ſit bare:
Me thinks he ſhould not brag and boaſt of it,
For he muſt ſtand to beggars while they ſit.

469. *Upon Grandiorto.*

The morrow after juſt Saint *Georges* day,
Grandiorto piteous drunk, ſate in a ditch,
His hands by's ſide, his gelding ſtray'd away,
His ſcarlet heſe, and doublet very rich;
With mud and mire all beaſtly raid, and by
His feather with his cloſe-ſtool-hat did ly.
We ask'd the reaſon of his ſitting there,
Zounds 'cauſe I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)
And in my Throne; then for the Love we beare;
(Replyed my ſelfe) unto your Majeſty,

Wee'l

Wee'l pull you out, & henceforth with your grace
Would speak your Proverbs in a warmer place.

470. *The Fencer and Phyſick Doctor.*

Lie thus (the Fencer cryes) thus muſt you guard,
Thus muſt you ſlip, thus point, thus paſs, thus ward
And if you kill him Sir, this trick learn then
With this ſame trick you may kill many men.
A Doctor ſtanding by, cryes, Fencing fool,
Both you & he to me may come to ſchool,
Thou doſt but prate: my deeds ſhall ſhow my skill
Where thou hurt'ſt one, an hundred I doe kill.

471. *In Luſiam.*

Luſia who ſcorns all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be out-gone in faſhions:
She ſayes ſhe cannot have a hat or ruffe,
A gown, a peticoat, a band, or cuffe,
But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhe doth hate)
Will get into't, at ne'r ſo dear a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a faſhion wear,
Whoſe hair is curl'd, and coſts her ſomwhat dear:
That there's no Citizen, what e'r ſhe be,
Can be transform'd ſo like an Owl as ſhe.

472. *Kiſſes.*

Give the food that ſatisfies a Gueſt:
Kiſſes are but dry banquets to a feaſt

473. *A Civilian.*

A lusty old grown-grave gray-headed Sire,
Stole to a wench, to quench his lusts desire;
She ask'd him what profession he might be?
I am a Civil Lawyer, Girle, (quoth he)
A Civil Lawyer Sir! you make me muse,
Your talk's too broad for Civil men to use;
If Civil Lawyers are such bawdy men,
Oh what (quoth she) are other Lawyers then?

474. *Rainaldo, and Rainer.*

Rainaldo meeting *Reiner* in the street,
Deep in his debt, he doth thus *Reiner* greet,
You know some money is betwixt us two,
That well-nigh now these ten years hath bin due;
Quoth *Reiner* (looking down unto his feet)
Faith and we will part it, if I see't:
But as I live *Rainaldo* I find none,
As fain as you, I would you had your owne.

475. *Spinus his choyce.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spanish, French,
But I dissuade him; for if she hath any,
She hath enough; if two, she hath too too many.

476. *Back-*

476. *Backbiters.*

When *Codrus* catches fleas, what e'r he ailes,
He kils them with his teeth, not his nails;
Saying, that man by man may blamelesse go,
If every one would use Backbiters so.

477. *In Salonus.*

Oft in the night *Salonus* is inclin'd,
To rise and pisse; and doth as oft break wind:
If 's Urinall be glasse, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it so many cracks holds out.

478. *In Leonatum.*

The filthiest, the fowlest, deformedst lasse,
That is, will be, I think or ever was,
Leonatus loves; wherewith should she him draw,
Except as she's like jet, he be like straw?

479. *Nosce teipsum.*

Walking and meeting one not long ago,
I ask'd who 'twas, he said he did not know:
I said, I know thee; so said he, I you,
But he that knows himselfe I never knew.

480. *An Old Silvium.*

Silvius by Simony a living got,
And he liv'd well upon it; pray why not?

For

For he the poor did pill, the rich did lurch,
And so became a pillar of the Church.

481. *On Perfumes.*

They that smel least, smell best: which intimates,
They smell like Beasts that smell like Civet Cats.

482. *Arcades ambo.*

Jack and *Dick* both with one woman dealt
So long till she the paine of woman felt:
Now *Dick* he thinks to put a trick on *Jack*
And *Jack* again to hang it on *Dicks* back:
Which got the Child, it seems a double case,
It hath so like (they say) *Jacks* nose, *Dicks* face.
But by both marks my judgement should be quick,
Et *vitulo tu dignus Jack & Dick.*

483. *On Punchin.*

Give me a reason why men call
Punchin a dry-plant-Animall.
Because as plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beer & Ale spreads so.

484. *Ne fide colori.*

When *Bassa* walks abroad she paints her face,
And then she would be seen in every place,
For then your Gallants who so e'r they are,
Under a colour will account her faire.

485. *In*

485. *In Flavium.*

When *Flavius* once would needs praise Tin,
His brain could bring no reason in;
But what his belly did bethink,
Platters for meat, and Pots for drink.

486. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs must be,
For she was forc'd by Law to marry thee.

487. *In Virtutem.*

Vertue we praise, but practice not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men doe talk of *Robin-Hood*,
Who never yet shot arrow in his bow.

488. *A good wits diet.*

That which upholds our tottering walls of flesh,
Is food: and that which doth our wits refresh,
Is wholsome study: for like longer fare,
Be solid Arts, but sweet meats Poems are.

489. *On Womens tongue.*

Things that be bitter, bitterer than gall,
Physitians say, are alwayes Physicall.

Then

Then womens tongues, if into powder beaten,
And in a Potion, or a pill be eaten,
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muſe,
That womens tongues in Phyſick they ne'r uſe:
There's many men who live unquiet lives,
Would ſpare that bitter member of their wives.
Then prove them Doctor, uſe them in a pill;
Things oft help ſick men, that do ſound men kill.

490. *A proper compariſon.*

As there are three blue beans in a blue bladder,
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder,
As there are three nookes in a corner'd cap,
And three corners and one in a Map,
Even ſo like all theſe,
There are three Univerſities.

491. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it in the juſt,
Shews of the reſurrection little truſt.

492. *Woman.*

Woman was once a rib, (as truth hath ſaid)
Elſe fith her tongue runs wide from every point,
I ſhould have dream'd her ſubſtance had bin made
Of *Adams* whiſtle-bone, when 'twas out of joynt.

493. *Pepertit, &c.*

Nels Husband ſaid, ſhe brought him nought but toys,
But yet (without his help) ſhe brings him boys.

494. *Inſipiens.*

Two friends diſcourſing that together ſtood,
The one enquiring if the other conld
Tell whether ſuch a man were wiſe?
He anſwer'd no, but he is otherwiſe.

495. *Romes wifeleſſe Clergy.*

Long did I wonder, and I wonder'd much,
Rome ſhould her Clergy that contentment grudge
As to debar them of their proper due;
What, doth ſhe all with continence indue?
O no; they find a womans lips ſo dainty, (twenty.
They'l tye themſelves from one, 'cauſe they'l have

496. *On Eves Apples.*

Eve for thy fruit thou gav'ſt too dear a price,
What? for an Apple give a Paradiſe?
If now adayes of fruit ſuch gaines were made,
A Goſſer-monger were a Deviliſh trade.

497.

Will the Perfumer met me in the ſtreet,
I ſtood amaz'd, he ask'd me what I meant;

In

In faith, said I, your Gloves are very sweet,
And yet your breath doth cast a stronger sent.

498. *Beauty.*

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace,
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

499. *On Poeticall Blinks.*

He nine wayes looks, and needs must learned be;
That all the Muses at one view can see.

500. *A Conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a Nut,
With a sharpe knife his finger deeply cut,
What signe is this, quoth he, can any tell?
'Tis sign, quoth one, y'have cut your finger well.
Not so, saith he, for now my finger's sore,
And I am sure that it was well before.

501. *Women.*

Howsoe'r they be, thus doe they seem to me,
They be and seem not, seem what least they be.

502. *Mutuum Dissimulant.*

Dick crafty borrows to no other end,
But that he will not ought to others lend,
That else might ask him: 'Tis foule wilfoolme Dick,
Now ere, accounted but a knavish trick.

503. *Writing.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.

504. *A cure for Impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Pool,
For Bull-heads, or for Block-heads in the School.

505. *Satisfaction.*

For all our works, a recompence is sure:
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard t'endure.

506. *To Mistris mutable.*

Love runs within your veins, as it were mixt
With Quick-silver, but would be wisely fixt:
For though you may for beauty bear the Bell,
Yet ever to ring Changes founds not well.

507. *On a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a man-man, if a wife he had?
A wife? quoth he, I never was so mad.

508. *To Scilla.*

If it be true that promise be a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedom hardly get;
For if she hath vow'd her service to so many,
She'l neither pay them all, nor part from any.

Yet she to satisfie her debts, desires
To yeeld her body, as the Law requires.

509. *Nescio, quid serus vesper vehat.*

Lyncus deviseth as he lyes in bed,
What new apparrell he were best to make him:
So many fashions flow within his head,
As much he feare the Taylor will mistake him:
But he mistook him not, that by the way
Did for his old suit lay him up that day.

510. *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath lost his nose, but knows not how,
And that seems strange to ev'ry one that knows it:
Me thinks I see it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did loose it.
To tell you true, *Ficus*, I thus suppose,
'Twas some French Caniball bit off your nose.

511. *On a painted Curtezan.*

Whosoever saith thou sellest all, doth jest,
Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sels all the rest

512. *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnaldo free from fault, demands his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth she, good husband doe not now repent,
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

513. *Labor improbus omnia vincit.*

Glogo will needs be knighted for his lands,
Got by the labour of his fathers hands,
And hopes to prove a Gentleman of note,
For he hath bought himself a painted coat.

514. *Quis nisi mentis inops——*

Ware proffer'd stinks; yet stay good Proverb, stay,
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients best can say;
Who proferring trebble fees, for single care,
It's well accepted, gold it is such ware.

515. *On a friend indeed.*

A reall friend a Cannon cannot batter; (ter,
With nom'nall friends, a Squib's a perilous mat-

516. *On an Italian Proverb.*

Three women met upon the Market day,
Do make a Market, (they do use to say
In *Italy*) and why? their tongues do walk
As loud, as if an hundred men did talk.
One hearing this, swore had his wife been there
And made a fourth, there might have been a Faire.

517. *Mans ingresse and egresse.*

Nature, which head-long into life did throng us,
With our feet forwards to our grave doth bring us

What

What is leſſe ours, then this our borrow'd breath?
We ſtumble into life, we goe to death.

518. *On bad Debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyers; for they ſay,
I'l pay you without faile, on ſuch a day;
Come is the day, to come the debt is ſtill,
So ſtill they lye, though ſtand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath ſo oft ly'd in this wiſe,
That now he lyes in *Ludgate* for his lyes.

519. *On a Juſtaſſe.*

A *Juſtice* walking o'r the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack;
He ſaid to's man, here is ſome danger, *James*,
I pray thee help me over on thy back.

520. *Genitoris neſciens.*

Tom asks no fathers bleſſing, if you note him,
And wiſer he, unleſſe he knew who got him.

521. *To a ſleeping Talker.*

In ſleep thou talk'ſt un-forethought myſteries,
And utter'ſt un-foreſeen things, with cloſe eyes.
How wel wouldſt thou diſcourſe if thou wert dead
Since ſleep, deaths image, ſuch fine talk hath bred?

522. *Omne ſimile non eſt idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine
Miſtook a painted Madam for a Signe,
That in a window ſtood; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no wooden ſign was painted,
But Madam *Meretrix*: yea, true, ſaid he,
Yet 'tis a little ſigne of modeſty.

523. *Tandem manifeſtum.*

Katharine that hid thoſe Candles out of ſight,
May well conceive they'l come at length to light.

524. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantiam.*

Severus likes not theſe unſeaſon'd lines
Of rude abſurdities, times foul abuſe,
To all poſterities, and their aſſignes,
That might have been (ſaith he) to better uſe.
What ſenſleſſe gull, but reaſon may convince,
Or jade ſo dull, but being kick'd will wince?

525. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Would any deem *Manaſſes* now the man,
That whilome was not worth a wooden kan.
Doubtleſſe the Dunce in ſomething doth ſurpaſſe,
Yet his red noſe is ſtill the ſame it was.

526. *On*

526. *On wisedome and vertue.*

Wise-men are wiser than good-men, what then?
'Tis better to be wiser than wise men.

527. *On Ducus.*

Ducus keeps house, and it with reason stands,
That he keep house, hath sold away his lands.

528. *Mysus and Mopsa.*

Mysus and *Mopsa* hardly could agree,
Striving about superiority:
The Text which saith that man and wife are one,
Was the chief Argument they stood upon.
She held, they both one woman should become:
He held, they should be man, and both but one.
So they contended daily, but the strife
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

529. *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B— Court,
Cited (as he said) by a Knave relator:
I ask'd him, wherefore? he in laughing sort,
Told me it was but for a Childish matter.
How e're he laught it out, he lied not;
Indeed 'twas childish, for the child he got.

530. *On*

530. *On Castriotes.*

See, see, what love is now betwixt each fist,
Since *Castriotes* had a scabby wrist:
How kindly they, by clawing one another,
As if the left hand were the right hands brother!

531. *New Rhetorique.*

Good Arguments without coyn, will not stick;
To pay, and not to say, 's best Rhetorick.

532. *To some kinde Readers.*

This Book of mine I liken to a glasse,
Wherein the fool may look and laugh his fill:
He having done with't Readers, as ye passe,
Here take and use it, as long as you will.

533. *Est mihi Divi parens.*

Owinus wondreth, since he came from *Wales*,
What the description of this Ile might be;
That ne'r had seen but mountaines, hils, and dales,
Yet would he stand and boast on's pedegree.
From Rice ap *Richard*, sprung from *Dick* a Cow,
Be cot, was right good gentleman, law ye now?

434. *Principia sordida.*

Bassus hath Lands good store, and leases Farms,
Whose Mother, Milk-pails bore, e'r he bore arms.

535. *On Thersites.*

Although *Thersites* have a filthy face,
And staring eyes, and little outward grace:
Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her selfe, is not more naturall.

536. *On Zoilus.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Terms of war,
Muskets should be the pleaders, Pikes the bar;
For black bags, Bandeliers, Jackets for gowns,
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crackt crowns.

537. *On a long beard.*

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a shorter beard, and longer wit.

538. *On my selfe.*

Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himselfe offend;
He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when hee'l end.

539. *Nimium ne crede colori.*

Battus believed for a simple truth,
That yonder gilt-spur spruce and Velvet youth,
Was some great personage, or worthy weight,
Untill one told him he was but a Knight.

A Knaight (quoth *Batus*) vaith I chud a zworne,
A hod not bin lasa then zome Gen-man borne.

540. *Silens simplex.*

Will would seem wise, and many words let passe,
Speaking but little 'cause he's such an —.

541. *To the mis-interpreter.*

Cease gaul'd back guilt, these inscious lines to (mince,
The world wil know y'are rub'd if once ye wince;
They hem within their seeming Critique wall,
Particularly none; generally all:
'Mongst which if you have chanc'd to catch a prick
Cry we-hy if you will, but doe not kick.

542. *To Mary Meare.*

Meare, since unmixt, unmary'd, and a *maid*;
Then you to be a *Mearmaid* may be said:
A Mearmaid's flesh above, and fish below,
And so may you be too, for ought I know.

543. *Ad Rinaldum amic.*

See, see, *Rinaldus!* Prethee who is that,
That wears yon great green feather in his Hat,
Like to some Tilter? sure it is some Knight,
Whose wits being green, his head must needs be (light.

544. *On himselfe.*

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis offence, (sence;
Some commend plain conceit, some profound
Some wish a witty jest, some dislike that, (what.
And most would have themselves, they know not
Then he that would please all, and himself too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to doe.

545. *Fingers end.*

Philomathes once studying to indite,
Nibled his fingers, and his nailes did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Unlesse his wit lay at his fingers end.

546. *Sapia qui vendit oportet.*

Janus doth jesting, use Equivocation,
Which he alludes as doubtfull words of Art,
To hide the colour of his Occupation,
But to the Devil he bears an honest heart.

547. *Clamans Asinus.*

Who says *Tom Tipstaffe* is no man of calling?
Can any Cryer at Sessions be more bawling?

548. *Upon Dumme.*

Dumme ask'd as we at Supper sate,
How long he had liv'd in the maried state,

Six,

Sir, just (quoth *Dunne*) with my wife I met
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,
And sighing, as he would have burst in twain;
Said, now almost the thirtieth of her raign.

549. *Upon Tom Tolthams Nose.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Tolthams* nose,
Puts down the Lilly, and obscures the Rose;
Had I a Jewell of such precious hew,
I would present it to some Monarch's view,
No subject should possesse such Jems as those,
Ergo, the King must have *Tom Tolthams* nose.

550. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Rodolphos* boast of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

551. *Titus the Gallant.*

Brave *Titus* three years in the Town hath been,
Yet not the Lyons, nor the Tombs hath seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath bin in the Counter all this while.

552. *In Lalum.*

Lalus which loves to hear himselfe discourse,
Talks to himselfe as if he frantick were,
And though himself might no where hear a worse,
Yet he no other but himselfe will heare;

Stop

Stop not his mouth if he be troublesome,
But stop his ears, and then the man is dumbe.

553. *To Criticus.*

Criticus about to kisse a Mayden throng,
He hapned first on one whose nose was long;
He flouting, said, I fain would kisse you Sweet,
But that I fear our lips will never meet,
Your nose stands out so far; the Maiden dy'd
Her cheeks with Crimson, but soon thus reply'd,
Pray sir, then kisse me in that place where I
To hinder you, have neither nose nor eye.

554. *Profundo Scientia.*

Sal can by silence, deep profundity,
Force you cry, fough! *Jeronimo* go by.

555. *On two by Sea.*

Two Youngsters going by Sea, th'one
That ne'r before had been the Sea upon.
Casts up; and as he heaves, he *Bo* doth cry;
O said the other, Sir, y'are sick, ye'll dy.
No (says the Sea-sick) though my stomack's loose,
You see, I can cry *Bo* unto a Goose.

556. *Ut pluma par sona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* such a lofty feather?
Because he's proud, and foolish both together.

557. *Au-*

557. *Aurum volat ocius Euro.*

Monſieur *Flemingo* ſe aught with Angels ſtore,
Would ſee fair *London*, never ſeen before:
Where lodging with his Miſtreſs but one night,
Had (ere he parted) put them all to flight.

558. *To Pontilianus.*

Dogs on their Maſters fawn and leap,
And wag their taile apace;
So, though the Flatt'rer want a taile,
His tongue ſupplies the place.

559. *Inſtabilis ſtans.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

560. *On ſome Lawyers.*

Law ſerves to keep diſordered men in aw,
But *Aw* preſerves orders, and keeps the Law,
Were *Aw* away *L*[*aw*]*yers* would lyers be
For *Lucre*; which they have and *hold in fee.*

561. *Health.*

Even from my heart, much *Health I wiſh*,
No *Health I'll waſh* with drink,
Health wiſh'd, not waſh'd, in words, not wine,
To be the beſt I think.

562. *Ca*

562. *Case is altered.*

Tom Case (some do report) was lately haltered;
If this be true, why then the case is altered.

563. *Quæ placuit Domino nupta est Ancilla sodali.*

Madam *Rugosa* knows not were to find
One Chamber-maid of ten to please her mind.
But yet my Lord to likes their comely carriage,
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

564. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew so curst, and fit for no man,
With beating soon became a gentle-woman.

565. *Priscus.*

When *Priscus* raisd from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in pompous *jollity*;
Cajus his poor familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus, Sir now you know not me;
'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priscus*) to be so,
For at this time my selfe I doe not know.

566. *Anger soon appeased.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being false and faithlesse in her love,

His wife to smooth those wrinkles in his brow,
Doth stop his mouth with, *John come kisse me now.*

567. *A foole for Company.*

Fatuus will drink with no such Asse,
That lets his jests (unapprehended) passe:
Or if he jest with such of shallow brain,
He laughs himselfe to make his jests more plain.
Thus *Fatuus* doth jest and play the sany,
To laugh at's self, hee's fool if there be any.

568. *In Cineam.*

When *Cineas* comes amongst his friends in mourning,
He slily notes, who first his cap doth move;
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever he had lost his love;
I knowing how the *humor* it did fit
Of the fond Gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,
Which he perceiving, seems with spight to burst.
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality:
For vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell me,
Indeed friend *Cineas*, therein you excell we.

569. On

569. *On Captain Sharke.*

One ask'd a friend where Captain *Shark* did lye,
Why sir (quoth he) at Algate, at the Pye;
Away, quoth th'other, he lies not there I know't,
No, sayes the other, then he lies in's throat.

570. *A witty answer.*

A lean, yet fat Recusant being confin'd
Unto a Justice house, whose wife was great,
(Not great with child, but hugely great with meat)
At supper thus began to grope his mind,
To *hoc est corpus* what say you? she fed;
Marry (quoth he) I say it is well fed.

571. *Gossips discourse.*

When *Gillian* and her Gossips all are met,
And in the match of Gossiping down set,
And plain Mass-Parson cutting bread for th'table
To tell how fast they talk, my tongue's not able
One tels strange news, th'other Godsworbe cries,
The third shakes her head, alack replies,
She on her Hens, this on her Ducks do talk,
On thousand things at once their tongues do walk.
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,
Gill, and Gills Gossips will have words to say.

572. *Caput inscabilis.*

Protus in's Office seems a simple Scribe,
Yet hath he cunning learnt to take a Bribe.

573. *A Parson and a Thief.*

A lusty Parson riding on the way,
Was by a Theef commanded for to stay;
The Parson drew his sword, for well he durst,
And quickly put his foe unto the worst.
Sir, (quoth the Theef) I by your habit see
You are a Church-man, and debate should flee,
You know 'tis written in the sacred word,
Jesus to *Peter* said, *Put up thy Sword*:
True (quoth the Parson) but withall then hear,
Saint *Peter* first had cut off *Malchus* ear.

574. *Similes habent labra lactucas.*

Dick swath (or swaggering *Dick*) through *Fleetstreet*
With *Sir* & *Brestice* waiting at his heele:
To one that would have cane the wall, he swore,
Zounds, doft not see my Punck and Paramour?

575. *A Souldiers jest.*

One told a Souldier sitting at the board,
(And silent) that he had an edgeless sword;
Who straight reply'd, Sir, I will do my best,
To break your pate, though I ne'r break a jest.

576. *Gul*

576. *Good Advice.*

One to a Serving-man this Counsell sent,
To get a Master that's intelligent;
Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would understand he's in his debt.

577. *Theeves.*

Two Theeves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the house awake, thus answer'd quick,
Why, how now? what a stir you there doe keep?
Goe, come again, we are not yet asleep.

578. *Asse.*

He that loves glasse without a G.
Leave out L. and what is he?

579. *Enecat amplexu nimio, sic simia fœtum.*

Call *Davus* knave, he straight-way draws his sword,
And makes you prove as much, or eat your word.
But if you call him honest Rogue, or Jew,
He huggs you then for giving him his due.

580. *To Festus.*

Festus th'art old, and yet wouldst mary'd be:
Ere thou doe so, this counsel take of me;
Look into *Lillies Grammar*, there thou'lt find,
Cornu a *Horn*, a word still *Undeclin'd*.

581. *A Gentleman and his Physitian.*

A Gentleman not richest in discretion,
Was alwayes sending for his own Physitian.
And on a time, he needs would of him know,
What was the cause his pulse did goe so slow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to passe,
T'must needs go slow, which goes upon an Asse.

582. *On Saint George.*

To save a maid Saint *George* a Dragon slue,
Which was a noble act, if all be true;
Some say there are no Dragons; and 'tis said
There's no Saint *George*; pray *Jove* there be a maid.

583. *Similis cum simili.*

Tom went to the Market, where *Tom* met with *Tom*,
Tom asked *Tom*, what *Tom*? how far'st thou *Tom*?
Who *Tom*, I *Tom*? is *Tom* (quoth *Tom*) you *Tom*;
Well God a mercy *Tom*; how doe you *Tom*?
Faith ne'r so well (quoth *Tom*) since *Tom* was *Tom*:
And thus was the greeting past 'twixt *Tom* and *Tom*.

584. *Ebrius oblitus.*

Fucus was fox'd last night, but 'tis conceal'd,
And would not for his Office 'twere reveal'd.

585. *Dul-*

585. *Dulce quod utile.*

An honeſt Vicar riding by the way,
Not knowing better how to ſpend the day,
Did ſing unto himſelf ſome certain Pſalms;
A blind man hearing him, ſtrait begg'd his alms;
To whom (quoth he) with coyn I cannot part,
But God thee bleſſe, good man with all my heart.
O, ſaid the blind man, greater is my loſſe,
When ſuch as you doe bleſſe without a croſſe.

586. *In Dacum.*

Dacus with ſome good colour and pretence,
Tearms his wifes beauty ſilent eloquence;
For ſhe doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever *Tully* us'd his ſpeech to grace.

587. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never ſaw him,
Yet if I ſhould *Silla* but talking hear;
For a right roaring Gallant I ſhould know him,
For of a whore he talks, and ſtill doth ſwear.

588. *Varietas iniquitatis.*

Mat will not marry: true, 'cauſe ty'd to none,
He may have wenches new, when th'old are gone.

589. *Good ſawce.*

I went to ſup with *Cinna* th'other night,
And to ſay true (for give the Devil his right)

Though ſcant of meat we could a horſell get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſawce we met.
You ask what ſawce, where pittance was ſo ſmall?
This, is not hunger the beſt ſawce of all?

590. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew ſo curſt and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a Gentle-woman.

591. *To a Lawyer.*

To goe to Law, I have no maw,
Although my ſuite be ſure,
For I ſhall lack ſuits to my back,
Ere I my ſuit procure.

592. *Semel inſanivimus.*

Bedlam fate bleſs thee, thou wantſt nought but wit,
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it;
Bridewell, I cannot any way diſpraiſe thee,
For thou doſt feed the poor, and jerk the lazie.
Newgate, of thee I cannot much complain;
For once a month, thou freeſt men out of pain;
But from the *Counters*, goodneſs it ſelf defend us?
To *Bedlam*, *Bridewell*, or to *Newgate* ſend us,
For there in time, wit, work, or law ſets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

593. *Of*

593. *Of himself.*

Some men there be, which say of me,
That I am not a *Poet*;
They say well, why? I doe not lye,
I write the truth; I know it.

594. *Upon Annes marriage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an Angel, what if so she be?
What is an Angel, but a Lawyers fee?

595. *Ænigma.*

The Devil, men say, in Devonshire dy'd of late,
But Devonshire lately liv'd in rich estate,
Till *Rich* his toyes did Devonshire so bewitch,
As Devonshire dy'd, and left the Devil Rich.

596. *On Cupid.*

Why feign they *Cupid* robbed of his sight?
Can he whose seat is in the eye, want light?

597. *An Answer.*

Experience shew, and reason doth decree
That he who sits in's own light cannot see.

598. *Lucus journey.*

Lucus hath travel'd with an hundred pound,
Was rob'd and left well beaten, and fast bound;

But

But when to ſhare their prize, they had begun,
No miracle was wrought, yet he undon.

599. *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poor men wit,
That fools well moniſh'd may pay for it.

600. *Vileſcit dives avarus.*

Rufus is wondrous rich, but what of that?
He lives obſcurely, like a Water-Rat.

601. *Viſum ignotum.*

That *Crambo's* wife's with child, her belly ſhews it:
But who was't got it? pray ask thoſe that know it.

602. *Upon Marriage.*

Marriage as old men note, hath lik'ned bin
Unto a publick faſt, or common rout,
Where thoſe that are without would fain get in,
And thoſe that are within would fain get out.

603. *On Annas a News-monger.*

Annas hath long ears for all news to paſſe:
His ears muſt needs be long, for he's an Aſſe.

604. *Sir John.*

Now good *Sir John* (the beggar cries) I pray
Beſtow your Worſhip's alms on me to day,

Relieve

Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother,
We born are, one to help and ayd another;
My brother (qd. Sir *John*) poor wretched wight,
Why, thou mistakest me, I am a Knight;
I know't, quoth he, but hark you, kind *Sir John*,
There's many a Knight kin to the begger men.

605. *Conjectus.*

Conjectus says hee'l plainly prove,
Anothers Child he ought to love,
More than his Parents; which is strange,
And yet 'tis true; for I protest,
He ought to love his wife the best.

606. *Aulus.*

Some (speaking in their own renown)
Say that this Book was not exactly done;
I care not much, like banquets let my Books,
Rather be pleasing to the Guests than Cooks,

607. *On envy.*

Why say some, wealth brings envy, since 'tis known
Poor men have backbiters fifteen for one?

608. *Errantes errare licet.*

Pandorus spends the day by telling newes,
Of such his travels as will make you muse:

Nay

Nay sir believe it, hee'l discourse at large,
How should he else be fed at others charge?

609. *To a Drunkard.*

Much pratling causeth greatest thirstinesse: (lesse.
Thy wife talks more then thou, why drinks she

610. *On Pru.*

Pru give me leave to laugh, why shouldst thou buy
Ceruse, and *Stibium*, and *Mercury*,
And sleiking Oyles, the best that may be got,
When thy whole face *Prue* is not worth a groat?

611. *To Momus.*

Leave for shame, *Momus*, leave to bark and cry,
My actions give thy slandrous tongue the lye.

612. *To Roba.*

Th'art fair, 'tis true; and pretty too, I know it;
And well bred (*Roba*) for thy manners show it;
But whilst thou mak'st self-praise thy onely care,
Th'art neither pretty, nor well bred, nor faire.

613. *On Gallo.*

Gallo's a pretty man, hath pretty hair,
A pretty hat, and cloke as one need wear;
Gallo's a Gallant, and as Gallants use,
Can court his Mistresse, with a sprightly Muse:

Gallo

Gallo's a dunce, for I supply his wit,
Which he makes nonsence by his reading it,
And 'tis no wonder, as all wise-men know,
For pretty Gallants to be dunces now.

614. *Pudor est sua damna referre.*

Peter hath lost his purse, but will conceale it,
Least she that stole it, to his shame reveale it.

615. *Wheele-greace.*

Men th'Axletree do Greaze, that they not screak,
But Lawyers must be Greaz'd to make them speak.

616. *Who best friend.*

A Louse I say, for when a man's distrest,
And others fall off, she sticks the surest.

617. *O times and manners!*

Why thus do men, *manners* and *times* accuse,
When men themselves, Manners and times abuse?
W'are bad in them, they worse by us doe grow,
Yet we complain that help to make them so.

618. *Carpe.*

Of all our Modern Writers, *Carpe* likes none,
He loves th'old Poets that are dead and gone:
Pardon me honest *Carpe*, I would not be
Laid in my grave a while yet, to please thee.

619. *Non*

619. *Non nunquam jactat egenus.*

Jack is a Gentleman I muſt confeſſe,
For there's no womans Taylor can be leſſe.

620. *On Terpin.*

Terpin ſips wine, and gluts down meat; I think,
My *Terpin* drinks his meat, and eats his drink.

621. *To Phaulo.*

As often (*Phaulo*) as thou doſt amiſſe,
Thou haſt no more excuſe for it, but this,
It was againſt thy will; why, be it ſo,
Againſt thy will thou ſhalt be puniſht to.

622. *Little, nothing, too much, enough.*

The Poor have *little*, Beggars *none*,
The Rich *too much*, *enough* not one.

623. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

Spurco from Chandler, ſtarted Aldermen,
And truſt me now moſt Elder-like he can
Behave himſelf: he ne'r appears in Town,
But in his beaver, & his great fur'd gown:
His Ruffe is ſet, his head ſet in his Ruffe;
His reverend trunks become him well enough;

He wears a hoop ring on his Thumb; he has
Of Gravidud a dose full in his face:
And trick'd and trim'd, thus bravely he supposes
Himselfe another man; but men have noses;
And they that have so, maugre *Spurco's* skill,
Through all his robes may smell the Chandler still.

624. *On the same.*

Spurco made candles once, 'tis true enough,
Yet when I told him so, he tookt in snuffe.

625. *To Damon.*

What cause, what confidence draws thee to town?
Oxford can yeeld thee nothing, get thee down;
Thou canst not turn rogue for thy private ends,
Thou canst not play the baud to please thy friends.
Thou hat'st to sell thy breath at any price,
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.
Whence wilt thou live? (unhappy wretch!) I am
A trusty friend, thou say'st, an honest man.
That's nothing, *Damon*, set thy wits to school,
Not to be knave here, is to be a fool.

626. *Compotatio.*

Tasso, Torquato, Trew-wit, Manlius,
Brave merry Greeke all, and ingenious;

Let

Let us be mad a while: come here thou Squire
Of Pints and Pottles, pile us up a fire:
Then bring some sack up, quick you Cannibal,
Some cleanly sack to wash our brains withall:
There is I am sure, no other Thespian spring,
No other Helicon to bathe us in.
Troul then your sack about boyes, never faile,
Commending dull men to their stands of Ale.
Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,
I hate such paddle Coxcombs worse than death;
But we true brats of *Bacchus*, as our use is,
With lusty Wines will sacrifice to th'Muses.

627. *Conscientia testis.*

What makes *Antonio* deem himself undone,
Being question'd since his Office first begun:
But that a Conscience tells him *quæ sumuntur*
Tam male parta, male dilabuntur?

628. *On Terpin.*

Listen who list, my *Terpins* nose I sing,
And much I labour to expresse the thing:
For when he snores, it is his trumpet shrill;
It is his conduit, for 'tis running still;
It is his drag, his Eele-spear in the brook;
His spade, his mattock, and his pruning hook:

'Tis

'Tis a convenient ſtaple for a wall,
A handſome wedge to cleave his wood withall:
It will make a good ſhip-anchor when he lacks,
'Tis his gimlet, and his twibill axe.
Regard not then, what man thy noſe abuſes;
Thy noſe is proper *Terpin* for moſt uſes.

629. *On Ned.*

Have not I friends (quoth *Ned*) I dare to ſay,
I have not ſupt at home this twelve months day:
And very true it is, for ſherking *Ned*,
At home (poor man) goes ſupperleſſe to bed.

630. *Pecunia prevalent.*

Hand off, ſir ſauce-box! think you Miſtris *Phips*
Allows ſuch lobs as you to touch her lips?
But then 'tis queſtion'd further; if you bring her
Some *legem pone*, that's another thing Sir.

631. *On Love.*

Where love begins, there dead they firſt deſire:
A ſpark neglected, makes a mighty fire.

632. *A Herculean task.*

To curb the courage and *Wives tongue* keep under.
May well be call'd *Hercules* laſt ſtrench wonder.

633. *On Coritia.*

Coritia, when all her Table's set
With Manchet, Sauches, and good wholsome meat,
She still gives brown bread to her Son and heir,
And tells the little boy 'twill make him fair.
If so (my Love) if it be true you say,
You never ate brown bread *Coritia*.

634. *On Drammato.*

Drammato makes new playes great store; and yet
'Tis plain, *Drammato* has not too much wit:
He strives too, to be pleasant, and brings in
Mimicks, and fools, to make the people grin,
I know not what the rest think, but I say,
Drammato's the best fool in every play.

635. *Taming of a Shrew.*

Wouldst tame thy wife? first tame her tongue,
Who thus his wife comes o'r shall overcome.

636. *Liberty.*

If he be well which hath what he can wish,
Why then doe men for stinging Serpents fish?
True liberty 'mongst vertues bears the bell;
He may live as he will, which may live well.

637. *Dra-*

637. *Drammato.*

Of all *Drammato's* playes that ere I see,
Nothing could ever make me laugh but he.

638. *On Galba.*

Galba she sayes, she never tasted Man;
Galba will lye, beleeve it, now and than.

639. *To the Reader.*

Such tenour I have kept here all along,
As none (I hope) can challenge me with wrong.
I injure not the least, I give no blow
To any person; he that knows not how
To scourge mans vice, unlesse he tax his name,
Makes a base Libel of an Epigram.

640. *On Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando* walks imperiously,
With tragick *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh;
His roping locks, his buffe becomes him well,
And to say sooth, he looks right terrible;
He swayes the Town before him, and will slay
Whatever man he be that dares gain-say:
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coat last night,
And *Formidando's* out of money quite;

Nor oaths will passe, nor credit from henceforth,
For one poor penny, or a penny-worth:
Starv'd Creditors begin to gape; and how
To quit himself he scarcely knows as that now
Stout *Formidando* who was wont to daunt
Whole thousands, trembles at a Purſivant.

641. *The German-Dutch.*

Death's not to be: so *Seneca* doth think:
But Dutchmen say 'tis death to ceaſe to drink.

642. *Death.*

What Death is, doſt thou ask of me?
Till dead I doe not know;
Come to me when thou hear'ſt I'm dead,
Then what 'tis I ſhall ſhow.

643. *On Carp and Manilla.*

Manilla would with *Carp* be maried,
Manilla's wiſe I trow:
But *Carp* by no means will *Manilla* wed;
Carp's the wiſer of the two.

644. *On Carp.*

Theſe are my verſes which *Carp* reads; 'tis known
But when *Carp* makes them non-ſenſe, th'are his own.

645. To

645. To Phaulus.

Thou art offended (*Phaulus*) as I hear,
Because I sometimes call thee whoremaster;
My nature's blunt, and so will ever be;
I call a spade a spade, pray pardon me.

646. To Coracine.

What *Crispulus* is that in a new gown,
All trim'd with loops and buttons up and down?
That leans there on his arm in private chat
With thy young wife, what *Crispulus* is that?
He's Proctor of a Court, thou say'st, and does
Some businesse of my wives: thou brainlesse goose!
He does no businesse of thy wives, not he,
He does thy businesse (*Coracine*) for thee.

647. On Pru.

Pru praises her complexion, nay swears
She dares compare with any of her years;
And very true it is, that *Prudence* sayes,
I saw not better sold these many dayes.

648. The Parret.

If lawful't be, of things t'invent the name;
With prating *Parret*, *prater* is the same.

649. *To Maronilla.*

My *Maronilla*, I could eaſily ſpare (haire,
Thy hands and arms, thy ſhoulders and ſtraught
I could well ſpare thy feet, thy legs and thighs,
Thy tongue and teeth, thy lips, cheeks, forehead,
And not to reckon each part ſeverall, (eyes:
My *Maronilla* I could ſpare thee all.

650. *Study.*

Some men grow mad by ſtudying much to know;
But who grows mad by ſtudying good to grow?

651. *To Lionell.*

Lionell ſhows his honourable ſcars,
And labours to invite me to the wars:
But I will not by no means *Lionell*;
I doe not love to live ill, and drink well.

652. *On Pumilio a Dwarfe.*

Pumilio lying in deſpaire
Of further life, ſaid, take no care
To make a Tomb for me, good folks,
I will be buried in a Box.

653. *Sharpe sauce.*

Kisses and favours are sweet things,
But those have thornes, and these have stings.

654. *On Dread-nought.*

Dread-nought was for his many riots laid
Ith'Counter lately, now he's wondrous staid.

655. *On Phaulos and Gellia.*

Phaulos he visits, *Gellia* she's sick:
I am no Wizard, yet I know their trick.

656. *To his Friend.*

I will not be a Foe to any,
Nor be familiar with too many;
And twice I will not love my friend,
But whom I love, I'l love to th'end.

657. *Maried Folke.*

Man love thy wife; thy Husband, wife obay:
Wives are our Heart, we should be Head alway.

658. *On Pru and Galla.*

Why are *Pru's* teeth so white, and *Galla's* black?
The reason is soon knowne:
Pru buyes new teeth as often as she lacks,
But *Galla* wears her owne.

659. *On Bombo.*

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a year)
Nothing but wit sounds wisely in his ear.
His fustian phrases make a noise; each strain
And swelling rapture fills his mouth again:
He's parcell-States-man, parcell-Priest, and so
If you observe, he's parcel-Poet too.
Bombo thy fetches, and thy fangles may
Become a stage perhaps, but us'd this way,
Th'are base, and impious; let me prevail,
Talk till thy strong lines choak thee; if they fail,
Commence at Tyburn, in a cart, sweet Poet,
And there a strong line will for certain do it.

660. *On Lulls.*

Lulls swears he is all heart, but you'l suppose
By his Probatis, that he is all nose.

661. *On Peto.*

Implore the Muſes, and their two top'd hill,
Still to ſupply freſh matter to thy quill:
Crave *Phœbus* aid, call *Homer* with the throng
Of all the Bardes, Learn'd *Manes*, to thy ſong.
I dare not (*Peto*) be ſo bold, as do it,
Nor ſeem ſo like what I am not; a Poet.
My page invokes no deities: here love,
And indignation the beſt Muſes prove.

662. *On the ſame.*

My *Peto* thinks he ſings melodious,
And like a Swan: alas he's but a Gooſe.

663. *On Plutus.*

Plutus, rich *Plutus* would have me beſtow
Some New-years gift, as other neighbours do.
Why I will ſend thee what thou want'ſt my friend;
Nothing thou want'ſt, and nothing I will ſend.

664. *To Phocion.*

Thou buy'ſt up all that thou canſt light upon,
This is the way to ſell all *Phocion*.

665. *To Lividus.*

Doe not raile baſely, doe not ſwell with ſpight,
Doe not ſcoffe (*Lividus*) at what I write:

For

For ridden, truſt me, I can hardly pace,
Nor bear thee gently like a patient Aſſe;
But trot amain, and if thou chance to kick,
I ſhall wince too, and gall thee to the quick.
Flinging full faſt till I have thrown thee off,
Till I have ſhook thy ſnaffle from thy mouth;
And then in triumph (*Lividus*) look to't,
I ſpurn thy pride and follies under foot.

666. *On his Verſes.*

He's blind with love that likes them ev'ry one,
And he is blind with envy, that likes none.

667. *Truth.*

Truth is beſt found out by the time and eyes;
Falſhood wins credit by uncertainties.

668. *Time.*

Time all conſumes, both us and every thing,
We time conſume; thus, both one ſong doe ſing.

669. *To Bombo.*

Moſt men condemn thee *Bombo*, when they hear
Thy high and mighty Sermons, but I ſwear
Thou preacheſt movingly; and well I may;
Thou preacheſt all thy Auditors away.

670. *On*

670. *On Plutus.*

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a fool, and paid
Fifty good pounds: but after triall made,
Perceiving him an understanding man,
Plutus would have his money back again.

671. *To Linus.*

Thou wast my debtor when I lent the coin,
Pay me mine own, and then I wil be thine.

672. *Leven.*

Love is a Leven, and a loving kiss
The *leven* of a loving sweet-heart is

673. *To Phaulus.*

Thou ask'st me whom I think best man to be,
He's the best (*Phaulus*) that is least like thee.

674. *To Claudius and Linus.*

Ungodly *Claudius*, to be good,
Wants nothing but a will:
Lewd *Linus*, also, wanteth nought
But power to be ill.

675. *Hot-waters.*

Our trickling Tears expresse our private Love,
Love causeth tears; strange! fire should water prove.

676. *On Grotto.*

Talk but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,
And ſweat, and ſwear, and yet he's blind with age.
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coil you keep?
Thy windowes they are ſhut, 'tis time to ſleep.

677. *On Boreman.*

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes, yet *Boreman*
For all the Devill helps, will be a poor man.

678. *On Crab.*

Crab being caught, and in the Serjeants power,
For ſhame and anger look'd both red and ſower.

679. *On Fargo.*

Fargo by his wit and pleaſing tongue,
Hath won a wench that's wondrous fair & young;
The match (he ſaith) is halfe concluded, he
Indeed is wondrous willing; but not ſhe.

680. *On Richard.*

Dick being drunk, in bed thought on his ſin,
And that lewd courſe of life he lived in,
Yet long hereof for thirſt, *Dick* could not think,
But, Drawer, cryes, now for thy ſmalleſt drink.

681. To

681. *To Spruce.*

Spruce weare a Comb about him, alwayes he
To prune and smooth his polliſht haire:
The Cock's ne'r too without his Comb you ſee,
Spruce 'tis a *Coxcomb* then you weare.

682. *On This Wiſe age.*

The Wiſe men were but ſeaven: now we ſcarce know
So many fooles, the world ſo wiſe doth grow.

683. *On Profuſo.*

Unſtayd *Profuſo* hath run thorough all,
Almoſt the ſtory of the *Prodigall*,
Yet ſwears, he never with the Hoggs did dine,
That's true, for none durſt truſt him with their ſwine.

684. *On a fire in Towne.*

One night through all the ſtreets the men did cry,
Fire, fire! at which I wak'e and wondred by;
Not that dry wood ſhould burn, but becauſe all
Did cry *fire*, when for water they ſhould call.

685. *To either Univerſity.*

Indulgent *Mother*, and kind *Aunt*, no where
Throughout all *Europe* find I ſuch a paire;

From

From whose faire breasts those milky rivers run,
That thousands feed, else thousands were undone.
Oh were it not that some are wean'd too young,
And some doe suck (like *Essex* Calves) too long.

686. *On Mounsieur Congee.*

A proper handsome courtly man indeed,
And well set out with cloathes, can for a need
Discourse with legs, and quarter congees, and
Talk halfe an houre with help of foot and hand;
But when I view'd this *Mounsier* clean throughout,
I found that he was onely Man without.

687. *To my Reader.*

My person is another as I list,
I now but act the Epigrammatist.

688. *On Physitians.*

Physitians are most miserable men,
that cannot be deny'd:
For they are never truly well, but when
most men are ill beside.

689. *On Puff.*

Puff quarrels in his cups, and then will fight,
Is beaten sober; troth he is served right.

690. To

690. *To Flash.*

Flash when thou'rt drunk, then in thy own conceit
Thou'rt valiant, wise, great, honest, rich, discreet.
Troth *Flash* be alwayes drunk! for well I know
When you are sober you are nothing so.

691. *Wittily wicked.*

Good wine (they say) makes Vinegar most tart,
Thou, the more witty, the more wicked art.

692. *A Doctor and his Patient.*

A Doctor told his patient *Omphida*;
The grief she felt was a Sciatica:
Which she not perfect how to nominate,
Mistaking cryes, O my Certificate!

693. *On Mounsier Powder-wig.*

Oh doe but mark yon crisped Sir you meet!
How like a Pageant he doth stalk the street?
See how his persum'd head is powderd ore:
Twu'd stink else, for it wanted Salt before.

694. *To Rash.*

Rash swear not! think not cause you swear that I
believe you, no: he that will swear will lye.

695. *Drunk-*

695. *Drunk bounty.*

I'l tell you why the drunk so lavish are,
They have too much, nay more then they can bear.

696. *To Gut.*

Gut eats and drinks, doth nothing else but swill,
His teeth doe grind, his mouth's the water-mill.

697. *To Simple.*

Simple, you know I gave you good advice;
Little to say, that men might think you wise;
If you'l proclaim your selfe a foole you may;
I onely tell you now what others say.

698. *On Quaff.*

To quench his sorrows *Quaff* drinks very free,
Sorrow is dry, he sayes, and so is he.

699. *To Tom Coriat.*

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were nam'd,
Was never *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* fam'd.
Tom Thumb is dumb, untill the pudding creep,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.
Tom Fool may go to School, but ne'r be taught
Speak Greek, with which our *Tom* his tongue is
(fraught.

Tom

Tom Asse may passe, but for all his long eare,
No such rich Jewels as our *Tom* he weare.
Tom Tell-truth is but forth, but truth to tell,
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom*, bears away the bell.

700. *To a fat Usurer.*

Fat folke we say by nature are most free:
You and your purse are fat, and yet I see
Your hand and that still shut, the reasons this;
In costive flesh thy *leane* soule buried is.

701. *On Brisk.*

Brisk brag'd of's ready wit; I tempting him
But for one Dittick, did propound this theam
Nothing: It cannot be, he wondring said,
That out of nothing ought shu'd ere be made.
Dull *Brisk* thou ne'r couldst tune *Apollo's* Lyre;
A pure steeld-wit, will strike *Mercurial* fire
Out of the flintiest subject: but thy head
Is all compos'd of softer mettle, *lead*.

702. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthlesse task,
Whereto I trust there's no exception ta'n,
For meant to none, I answer such as ask,

'Tis like apparell made in *Birchen-lane*;
If any please to suit themselves and wear it,
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needy will
(bear it.

703. *On Sullen.*

Sullen will eat no meat, but peevishly
Replies, I care not, nor I will not, I;
Troth I commend his abstinence, 'tis great,
When having such a stomach hee'l not eat.

704. *To Banks.*

When *Spendall* asks to borrow, you reply,
You know not when hee'l pay you; troth nor I.

705. *To Boldface.*

Boldface, I wonder at thy impudence,
That dar'st affirm things so against all sence:
For shame ben't impudent and foolish too!
And think all men are fools 'cause you are so.

706. *Of his Booke.*

Part of the work remaines; one part is past:
And here my Ship rides, having Anchor cast.

707. *On*

707. *On Bearill.*

Bearill because his wife is somewhat ill,
Uncertain in her health, indifferent still;
He turns her out of doors without reply:
Wondring at which, I askt the reason why?
In sickneſſe and in health, (sayes he,) I'm bound
Onely to keep her, either weak or sound;
But now shee's neither, he replies; you'l see,
Shee'l quickly now, or mend or end, (sayes he.)

708. *On Bib.*

Wiſdome doth teach us ſilence, now *Bib* is
With drink made ſpeechleſſe, is he not then wiſe

709. *On Silly.*

Silly by chance did looſe his Diary
Of wit, which he had got in company:
No marvel he now ſo mute and penſive ſits,
How can he chooſe, ſince he hath loſt his wits.

710. *Ad ſeſquipedales poetaſtros.*

Hence *Brauron's* God to *Taurimmion*,
And you Levaltoring Corybants be gon;

Fly thundering Bronsterops to *Hippocrene*,
And *Mauros* to Nymph-nursing *Mytelene*;
Grisly *Megera's* necromantique spell
Depart to black nights *Acherontick* cell:
Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,
Unto th'Antipod Isles of Trabroban,
Away *Cyllenius* plumy-pinnion'd God,
With thy peace making wand, snakecharming rod,
And all the rest not daring look upon
Uranus blood-born brood, and fell *Typhon*;
Chimera's victor great *Bellerophon*,
Thou vanquisher of *Spanish Geryon*.
Stout *Asdruball* Sicilian Lord of yore,
Thou that destroy'dst the *Caledonian* bore,
Couragious conqueror of Cretes *Minotaure*,
Thou pride of *Mermeno's* cloudy *Semitaure*.
Perseus whose marble stone transforming shield,
Enforc'd the Whale, *Andromeda* to yeeld,
You *Argonautes* that scour'd *Syndromades*,
And passd the quick-sands of *Symplegades*,
Help *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos, *Lucina*, at *Litigiums* birth,
The world with child looks for delivery
Of *Canibals*, or *Poetophagy*.
A devilish brood from *Erithonius*,
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox*, and *Erebus*,
Chide *Pegasus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
And Poets damn *Pyry-Phlegeton*;

Or make this monstrous birth abortive be,
Or else I will shake hands with Poetry.

——Nihil sic nisi Carmina desunt.





Marmora Mæonii vincunt monumenta libelli;
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The Muſes works ſtone-Monumenes outlaſt;
'Tis wit keeps life, all elſe Death will down caſt.

EPITAPHS.

1. *On a Lyer.*

GOod paſſenger! here lyes one here,
That living did lye every where.

2. *On a Dyer.*

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he liv'd to th' world did dy.

3. *On a Jugler.*

Death came to ſee thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy threed, why didſt not make it whole again?

4. *On Mr. Fish.*

Worm's bait for *Fish*, but here is a great change,
Fish bait for worms, is not that very strange?

5. *On a Child.*

A child and dead? alas! how could it come?
Surely thy thread of life was but a thrumme.

6. *On Mr. Do.*

Do is my name, and here I lye,
My Grammar tels me, *Do fit Di.*

7. *On Taylor a Serjeant, kill'd by a Horse.*

A Taylour is a Theef, a Sergeant is worse,
Who here lies dead, god-a-mercy Horse.

8. *On Mr. Thomas Best.*

With happy starres he sure is blest,
Where s'ere he goes, that fit is *Best.*

9. *On Robin.*

Round *Robin's* gone, and this grave doth inclose
The pudding of his doublet and his hose.

10. *On Bell the Tinker.*

Bell though thou dy'dst decrepit, lame, forlorn,
Thou was't a man of Mettle, I'l be sworn.

11. *On proud Tyger.*

Proud and foolish, so it comes to passe,
He liv'd a *Tyger*, and he dy'd an Asse.

12. *On John Cofferet.*

Here lyes *John Cofferet*, and takes his rest,
Now he hath chang'd a Coffer for a Chest.

13. *On blind and deaf Dick Freeman.*

Here lyes *Dick Freeman*,
That could not hear nor see man.

14. *On a Miller.*

Death without warning was as bold as brief,
When he kil'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

15. *On a Lady.*

Here lyes one dead under this marble stone,
Who when she liv'd, lay under more than one.

16. *On a Wrestler.*

Death to the Wrestler gave a pretty fall,
Tript up his heels, and took no hold at all.

17. *On*

17. *On John Death.*

Here's *Death* interred, that liv'd by bread,
Then all should live, now *Death* is dead.

18. *On an Infant.*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a Play;
I came to see't, dislik'd it, went my way.

19. *On a little but very ingenious youth.*

Grim Death perceiving, He had far outran
The elder youths, mistook him for a man.

20. *On a Lady dying quickly after her Husband.*

He first deceased, she a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

21. *On Mr. Stone.*

Jerusalems curse is not fulfill'd in me,
For here a stone upon a stone you see.

22. *On Mr. Strange.*

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew,
It's strange, but not so strange as it is true.

23. *A Feats Epitaph.*

Reader, it was born, and cry'd,
Crack'd ſo, ſmelt ſo, and ſo dy'd.

24. *On Mr. Anguiſh a ſcholler.*

Some doe for anguiſh weep, for anger I,
That ignorance ſhould live, and art ſhould dye.

25. *On a lovely young youth.*

From thy quick death, conclude we muſt,
The faireſt flowers are gather'd firſt.

26. *On Mr. Thomas Allen.*

No Epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd,
The good are prais'd when they are onely nam'd.

27. *On a Lady.*

Finis and *Bonum* are converted, ſo,
That every good thing to an end muſt go.

28. *On a pious Benefactor.*

The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
His Alms, his Praiſe, his Soule, and Body have.

29. *On a Poet in Prison.*

Though I in prison here doe lye,
My Muse shall live altho I dye.

30. *On a poor Poet.*

Here lies the Poet buried in the night,
Whose purse, men know it, was exceeding light.

31. *A man and his wife.*

Viator siste, ecce miraculum!
Vir & uxor hic non ligitunt.

32. *On a Pauls-walker.*

Defessus sum ambulando.

33. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by these presents testifie,
A lurching Scrivener here fast bound doth lye.

34. *On one that cheated his Father.*

Here lies a man, who in a span
Of life, beyond his Father ran.

35. *On*

35. *On a Cut-purse.*

Death hath that Cut-purse seiz'd on at Allhallowes,
Who by good hap hath so escap'd the Gallowes.

36. *On a young great wit.*

Great wits are dangerous, for then,
It seems, they seldome come to men.

37. *On an Usurer.*

That all those goods and riches scrap'd together,
Should with himself depart, & knows not whither.

38. *On a Captain.*

Who late in wars did dread no foes in field,
Now free of scars his life in peace doth yeeld.

39. *On a Potter.*

He that on clay his chiefest trust repos'd,
Is now in clay, in stead of dust repos'd.

40. *On a Merchant.*

Who from accounts and reckonings ne'r could rest,
At length hath summ'd up his *Quietus est.*

41. *On*

41. *On a young man newly married, dyed.*

The world and them are quickly gone about,
That but now tripping in, are carried out.

42. *On John Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Jack Friend*
Was no mans foe but's own, and there's an end.

43. *On Christopher Fowler.*

Let all say what they can, 'tis known *Kit Fowler*
Was held an honest man, though no good Bowler.

44. *On Dorothy Rich.*

Here resteth young *Doll Rich*, that dainty drab,
Who troubled long with itch, dy'd of the scab.

45. *On Ralph.*

Ralph bids adue to pleasures good or ill,
But tels you true, 'tis much against his will.

46. *On Walter Moone.*

Here lies *Wat Moone*, that great Tobacconist,
Who dy'd too soon for lack of had I wist.

47. *On John Cooling a Player-foole.*

Death hath too soon remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*,
That was so well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

48. *On a Welshman.*

Who living least, espy'd his life should leese,
By meer Metheglin dy'd; and tosted Cheese.

49. *On Jo. Long.*

Here sleep *J. Long*, who liv'd till New-years-tide,
Full fourscore strong; but then fell sick and dy'd.

50. *On Stephen Spooner.*

Death hath time borrow'd of our neighbour *Spo-*
Whose wife much sorrow'd that he di'd no sooner.

51. *On a Lawyer.*

God works wonders now and than,
Here lyes a Lawyer dy'd an honest man.

52. *On a Waterman.*

Here sleeps *Will Slater*, why? by deaths command,
Hath left the water to pollute the land.

53. *On*

53. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

England his heart, his Corps the waters have,
And that which raisd his fame, became his grave.

54. *On a Gallant.*

Who cloth of Tissue wore, here flat doth lye,
Having no issue, more than that in's thigh.

55. *On John Garret.*

Heere is John Garret, who to all mens thinking,
For love to Claret, kill'd himself with drinking.

56. *On notable Ned.*

Cause of the good nought must be said but good,
'Tis well for Ned that nought he understood.

57. *On a Taylour who dyed of the stitch.*

Here lies a Taylour in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the stitch.

58. *On a travelling Beggar.*

Here lies a Vagrant person whom our laws
(Of late grown strict) denied passage, cause
He wandring thus, therefore return he must,
From whence at first he hither came; to dust.

59. On

59. *On a Mason.*

So long the Mason wrought on others walls,
That his own house of clay to ruine falls:
No wonder, spitefull death wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death seeks to destroy.

60. *On a Schoolmaster.*

The Grammar School, a long time taught I have;
Yet all my skill could not Decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be shown
In no Case save the Ablative alone.

61. *On Prince Henry.*

I have no vein in Verse, but if I could
Distill on every word a Pearl, I would:
Our sorrows pearls drop, not from pens, but eyes,
Whilst other Muses write, mine onely cryes.

62. *On the death of Mr. Newcomin of Clare-hall in Cambridge.*

Weep ye Clarenses, weep all about,
For *New-com-in* is now gone out;
Weep not Clarenses, weep not at all,
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hall.

63. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

Hobſon (what's out of ſight, is out of mind)
Is gone and left his Letters here behind,
He that with ſo much paper us'd to meet
Is now, alas! content to take one ſheet.

64. *Another.*

He that ſuch carriage ſtore, was wont to have,
Is carried now himſelfe unto his grave:
O ſtrange! he that in life ne'r made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

65. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes, preſt with a heavy load,
Who now is gone the old and common road;
The waggon he ſo lov'd, ſo lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on whilſt that he dy'd.

66. *Another.*

Hobſon's not dead, but *Charls* the Northern Swain
Hath ſent for him to draw his lightſome wain.

67. *On a Footman.*

This nimble Footman ran away from death,
And here he reſted being out of breath;

Here death him over-took, made him his ſlave,
And ſent him on an arrand to the grave.

68. *Juſtus Lipſius.*

Some have high mountains of Parian ſtone,
And ſome in braſſe carve their inſcription,
Some have their Tombs of coſtly marbles rear'd;
But in our tears onely are they interr'd.

69. *On a Child.*

Like Birds of prey,
Death ſnatche away;
This harmleſſe Dove,
Whoſe ſoule ſo pure
Is now ſecure
In heaven above.

70. *On a rich Gentleman.*

Of woods and plains, and hills and vales,
Of fields, of meads, of parks, and pales;
Of all I had, this I poſſeſſe;
I need no more, I have no leſſe.

71. *On a Child.*

That fleſh is graſſe
Its grace a flower,

Read ere you paſſe
Whom worms devoure.

72. *On a Lock-ſmith.*

A zealous Lock-ſmith dy'd of late,
Who by this time's at heaven gate.
The reaſon why he will not knock,
Is 'cauſe he means to pick the lock.

73. *On a Collier.*

Here lies the Collier *Jenkin Daſhes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he ſwore,
For living he was duſt and aſhes,
And being dead he is no more.

74. *On Dick Pinner.*

Here lyes *Dick Pinner*, O ungentle death!
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath?
For living, he by ſcraping of a pin,
Made better duſt than thou haſt made of him.

75. *On a Sack-ſucker.*

Good Reader bleſſe thee, be aſſur'd,
The ſpirit of Sack lyes here immur'd:

Who

Who havock't all he could come by
For Sack, and here quite sack'd doth ly.

76. *On a Child.*

Into this world as stranger to an Inne,
This Child came Gueſt-wiſe, where when it had bin
A while, and found nought worthy of his ſtay,
He onely broke his faſt, and went away.

77. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefeſt joy,
Here lyes the Schollers pale-fac'd boy;
Having nought elſe but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deep Conſumption.

78. *On* T. H. *the Pannier-man of the Temple.*

Here lyes *Tom Hacket* this Marble under,
Who often made the Cloyſters thunder;
He had a horn, and when he blew it,
Call'd many a Cuckold that never knew it.

79. *On a young Infant.*

The life of Man
Is but a ſpan,

The common saying is;
But death did pinch
His to an inch,
Ere he could say, what's this?
Yet he hath gain'd, not lost, thereby,
Changing time for eternity.

80. *On Mr. Calfes death.*

Heaven of his soul take charge, for he,
Of all his dayes liv'd but the halfe;
Who might have grown to be an *Oxe*,
But dyed (as you see) a *Calfe*.

81. *On Bolus.*

If gentlenesse could tame the Fates, or wit
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet;
But one that death o'r-rules in judgement sits,
And sayes our sins are stronger then our wits.

82. *On a Clowne.*

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our *Corydon*:
Who through care to save his sheep
Watch'd too much, Oh let him sleep!

83. *On a Child.*

As carefull Nurſes on their beds doe lay, (play,
Their babes which would too long the wantons
So to prevent my youths enſuing crimes,
Nature my Nurſe laid me to bed betimes.

85. *On a Muſitian.*

Be not offended at our ſad complaint,
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint;
Where all perfection met in skill and voyce,
We mourne our loſſe, but yet commend your (choyce.

85. *On a Gardener.*

Could he forget his death that every houre
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flowre?
Should he not mind his end? yes, ſure he muſt,
That ſtill was converſant 'mongſt beds of duſt.

86. *On a Drunkard.*

Bibax the Drunkard, while he liv'd would ſay,
The more I drink, the more methinks I may;
But ſee how death hath prov'd his ſaying juſt,
For he hath drunk himſelfe as dry as duſt.

87. *On a Child.*

Tread softly passenger, for here doth lye,
A dainty Jewell of sweet Infancy:
A harmlesse babe, that onely came and cry'd
In baptism to be washed from sin, and dy'd.

88. *Another.*

In this marble Casket lyes
A matchlesse Jewell of rich prise,
Whom nature in the worlds disdain
But shew'd, and put it up again.

89. *On Mr. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans truft,
When our names doe change by death,
Sands I was, and now am duft.

90. *On Mr. Goad.*

Go adde this Verse, to *Goad's* herse,
For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himselfe is gone to God,
'Twas deaths Goad drove him thither.

91. *On Monday.*

Hallowed be the Sabbath
And farewell all worldly pelf;
The week begins on Tuesday,
For *Munday* hath hang'd himself.

92. *On a Child.*

Here a pretty Baby lyes
Sung asleep with Lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th'easie earth that covers her

93. *On a Matron.*

Here lies a wife was chast, a mother blest;
A modest Matron, all these in one chest:
Sarah unto her Mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whilst here she had abode.

94. *In Latine thus.*

Uxor casta, Parens felix, Matrona pudica,
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

95. *On a Souldier.*

When I was young, in Wars I shed my blood,
Both for my King, and for my Countries good;

In

In elder years, my care was chief to be
Souldier to him that shed his blood for me.

96. *On Mr. Dumbelow, that dyed of the winde Collicke.*

Dead is *Dick Dumbelow*
Would you the reason know?
Could his *tail* have but spoken,
His stout heart had not broken.

97. *On Mr. Kitchins death.*

Kitchin lyes here (for so his name I found)
I see Death keeps his *Kitchin* under ground.
And the poor worms (that flesh of late did eat)
Devour their *Kitchin* now for want of meat.

98. *On Isabella a Curtezan.*

He who would write an Epitaph,
Whereby to make fair *Is'bell* laugh,
Must get upon her, and write well,
Here underneath lies *Isabell.*

99. *On a vertuous wife.*

In brief, to speak thy praise, let this suffice,
Thou wert a wife most loving, modest, wise,

Of children carefull, to thy neighbours kind,
A worthy Mistresse, and of liberall mind.

100. *On Mr. Christopher Lawson.*

Death did not kill unjustly this good man,
But death, in death, by death did shew his power,
His pious deeds and thoughts to heaven fore-ran,
There to prepare his soule a blessed bower.

101. *On a Welshman.*

Here lyes puryed under these stones,
Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkyn, ap Shones,
Her was porn in *Whales*, her was kill'd in *France*,
Her went to Got by a very mis-shance.
La ye now.

102. *On Mr. Carter, burnt by the great powder-mischance in Finsbury.*

Here lies an honest *Carter* (yet no clown)
Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown,
Vanish'd from hence, even in a cloud of smoke,
A blown-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

103. *On a Lady dying in Childbed.*

Born at the first to bring another forth,
She leaves the world, to leave the world her worth:
Thus

Thus Phœnix-like, as she was born to bleed,
Dying her selfe, renewes it in her seed.

104. *On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having seiz'd this prey,
After a tedious flight, trass'd him away:
We mark'd him, here he fell, whence he shall rise
At call, till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

105. *On Joan Truman who had an issue in her legge.*

Here lyes crafty *Joan*, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a false maid, and dy'd a *Truman*,
And this trick she had, to make up her cunning,
Whilst one leg stood still, the other was running.

106. *On a youth.*

Now thou hast heaven for merit, but 'tis strange
Morality should envy at thy change:
God thought us unfit for such as thee,
And made thee consort of eternity.
We grieve not then that thou to heaven art taken
But that thou hast thy friends so soon forsaken.

107. *On Prince Henry.*

Did he dye young? O no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd so long as he.

The

Till God and all men lov'd him; then behold,
The man that lives so long, must needs be old.

108. *On—borne before his time.*

Griev'd at the world and times, this early Bloom
Look'd round, and sigh'd, and stole into his Tomb,
His fall was like his Birth, too quick; this Rose
Made haste to spread, and the same haste to close:
Here lyes his dust, but his best Tomb's fled hence,
For Marble cannot last like Innocence.

109. *On a very fat man.*

Under this pebble stone,
Here fast sleepeth one,
And that is not two;
Yet was without doubt
Far bigger about,
Then both I, and you;
His kidneys encreast
So much, that his waist
Was hooped all round:
But his girdle death cuts,
And down fell his guts,
'Bouts heels to the ground.

110. *On John Newter.*

Reader, *John Newter* who erst plaid
The Jack on both sides, here is laid

Who

Who like the herb *John* indifferent
Was not for King, or Parliament,
Yet fast and loose he could not play
With death, he took him at a Bay;
What side his soule hath taken now
God or Devil? we hardly know:
But this is certain, since he dy'd
He hath been mist of neither side.

111. *On Hocas Pocas.*

Here *Hocas* lyes with his tricks and his knocks,
Whom death hath made sure as his Juglers box:
Who many hath cozen'd by his leiger-demain,
Is presto convey'd and here underlain:
Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,
While death plaid the *Hocas*, and brought him to
(th'pot.

112. *On a Child of two years old, being born and dying in* July.

Here is laid a *July* flowre
With surviving tears bedew'd,
Not despairing of that houre
When her spring shall be renew'd;
Ere she had her summer seen,
She was gather'd fresh & green.

113. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Coblers door oft made a ſtand,
And alwayes found him on the mending hand;
At laſt came death in very foul weather,
And ript the ſole from the upper leather:
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's Awle, death brought his laſt.

114. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this ſmall volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out:
Yet careſull leaſt a piece ſo well begun,
Should want preſervatives when ſhe had done:
Ere ſhe could finiſh what ſhe undertook,
Threw duſt upon it, and ſhut up the Book.

115. *On a Scholler.*

Forbear Friend t'unclaſpe this book,
Only in the forefront look,
For in it have errours bin,
Which made the Author call it in:
Yet know this, 't ſhall have more worth,
At the ſecond coming forth.

116. *On a young Woman.*

The body which within this earth is laid,
Twice six weeks knew a wife, a Saint, a maid;
Fair maid, chast wife, pure Saint, yet 'tis not strange
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change:
And now shees dead, some woman doth remain,
For still she hopes once to be chang'd again.

117. *On Browne.*

Here *Browne* the quondam begger lyes,
Who counted by his tale,
Full fixscore winters in his life;
Such vertue is in Ale.
Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he still have drunk his Ale,
He had been still alive.

118. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes (I wot) a little star
That did belong to *Jupiter*,
Which from him *Prometheus* stole,
And with it a fire-coale.
Or this is that I mean to handle,
Here doth lye a farthing Candle,

That was lov'd well, having its light,
But loosing that, now bids good night.

119. *On M. R.*

Who soonest dies, lives long enough,
Our life is but a blast or puffe.
I did resist and strive with death,
But soon he put me out of breath;
He of my life thought to bereave me,
But I did yield onely to breath me.
O'r him I shall in triumph sing,
Thy conquest Grave, *where is thy sting?*

120. *On a Child.*

Here she lies a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soon, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep;
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

121. *On an Inne-keeper.*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inn, (sin;
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy kind of
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy this soule to enter in.

(my kin
Why weep you then my friends, my parents, and
Lament ye when I loose, but weep not when I win.

122. *On a Cobler.*

Come hither, read my gentle friend,
And here behold a Coblers end.
Longer in length his life had gone,
But that he had no Last so long;
O mighty Death, whose dart can kill,
The man that made him souls at will!

123. *On M. Aire.*

Under this stone of Marble faire,
Lies th'body 'ntomb'd of *Gervase Aire.*
He dy'd not of an ague-fit,
Nor surfeited of too much wit,
Me thinks this was a wondrous death,
That *Aire* should dye for want of *breath*

124. *On Mr. Rice. M.*

Who can doubt (*Rice*) to what eternall place
Thy soul is fled, that did but know thy face?
Whose body was so light it might have gone
To heaven without a resurrection;
Indeed thou wert all type, thy limbs were signs,
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines;

As

As if two soules had made the compound good,
Which both should live by faith, & none by blood.

On Thomas Jones.

Here for the nonce
Came *Thomas Jones*
In St. *Jilesses* Church to lye;
None welch before,
None Welshman more
Till *Shon Clerk* dye.
He tole the bell,
He ring his knell,
He dyed well,
He's saved from Hell;
And so farewell
Tom Jones.

126. On a young man.

Surpriz'd by grief and sickness here I lye,
Stopt in my middle age, and soon made dead,
Yet doe not grudge at God, if soon thou dye,
But know he trebles favours on thy head.
Who for thy morning work equals thy pay,
With those that have endur'd the heat oth' day.

127. *On the two Littletons that were drowned at Oxford, 1636.*

Here lye we (Reader, canst thou not admire?)
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire.
For whilst our bodies periſh'd in the deep,
Our ſoules in love burnt, ſo we fell aſleep:
Let this be then our Epitaph: Here lyes
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

128. *On a Butler.*

That death ſhould thus from hence our Butler catch,
Into my mind it cannot quickly ſink;
Sure death came thirſty to the buttry-hatch,
When he (that buſi'd was) deny'd him drink.
Tut! 'twas not ſo, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quicker;
Yet let not others grive too much in mind
(the Butler's gone) the keys are left behind.

129. *On M. Cook.*

To God, his Country, and the poor, he had
A zealous ſoule, free heart, and lib'rall mind.
His wife, his Children, and his kindred ſad,
Lack of his love, his care and kindneſſe find:
Yet are their ſorrows aſwag'd with the thought
He hath attain'd the happineſſe he ſought.

130. *On a Porter.*

At length by works of wondrous fate,
Here lyes the Porter of Winchester-gate:
If gone to heav'n, as much I feare:
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not hell so much for's sin,
As for th'great rapping, and oft coming in.

131. *Upon one who dyed in Prison.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,
Least a spy enter in at doore,
Such are the times, a dead man dare
Not trust nor credit common aire,
But dye and lye Entombed here,
By me, I'l whisper in thine ear
Such things as onely dust to dust
(And without witnesse) may entrust.

132. *On Waddam Colledge Butler.*

Mans life is like a new-tunn'd Cask they say,
The formost draught, is oft times cast away,
Such are our younger years, the following still
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our manhood, untill age at length,
Doth sowre its sweetnes, & doth stop its strength:

Then death prescribing to each thing its bound,
Takes what is left, and turns it all to grounds.

133. *On a Horse.*

Here lies a Horse, who dyed but
To make his Master go on foot.
A miracle should it be so:
The dead to make the lame to go;
Yet Fate would have it, that the same
Should make him goe, that made him lame.

134. *On an old Man a Residenciary.*

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as you can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty (bating but one yeare,
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy Residence.
Yet, Reader let me tell thee this,
(Which from his Ghost a promise is)
If here ye will some few tears shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

135. *On a Maid.*

Here she lyes (in Bed spice)
Faire as Eve in Paradise.

For her beauty it was such
Poets co'd not praise too much.
Virgins come, and in a Ring
Her supremest *Requium* sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

136. *On Husband and Wife.*

To these, whom Death againe did wed,
This Grave's the second Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
Twixt soule and body a Divorce;
It could not sever Man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life;
Peace, good Reader, doe not weep,
Peace the Lovers are asleep:
They (sweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the last knot that love could tye.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone.
And th'eternall morrow dawne,
Then the Curtaines will be drawne,
And they waken with that light,
Whose day shall never sleep in night.

137. *On Aretyne.*

Here biting *Aretyne* lyes buried,
With gall more bitter, never man was fed.

The living nor the dead to carp he spar'd,
Nor yet for any King or *Cesar* car'd:
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His answer was, indeed I know him not.

138. *On William Coale an Alehouse-keeper, at Coaton near Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coale* lye here? henceforth be stale,
Be strong and laugh on us, thou *Coaten* Ale:
Living indeed, he with his violent hand
Never left grasping thee, while he could stand.
But death at last, hath with his fiery flashes
Burnt up the *Coale*, and turn'd it into ashes.

139. *On one Andrew Leigh, who was vext with a shrewd wife.*

Here lies *Leigh*, who vext with a shrewd wife,
To gain his quiet, parted with his life;
But see the spight! she that had alwayes croft
Him living, dyes, and means to hunt his Ghost.
But she may faile, for *Andrew* out of doubt
Will cause his brother *Peter* shut her out.

140. *In quendam.*

Stay mortall, stay, remove not from this Tomb,
Before thou hast consider'd well thy doome;

My bow ſtands ready bent, and couldſt it ſee,
Mine arrow's drawn to th' head, and aims at thee:
Prepare yet wandring Ghoſt, take home this line;
The grave that next is open'd may be thine.

141. *On a vertuous youth.*

Reader, let a ſtone thee tell
That in this body there did dwell
A ſoule, as heavenly, rich, and good,
As e'r could live in fleſh and blood:
And therefore heav'n that held it deare,
Did let it ſtay the leſſe while here,
Whoſe Corps here ſacred aſhes makes;
Thus heav'n and earth have parted ſtakes.

142. *On a Cock-maſter.*

Farewell ſtout Hot-ſpur, now the battel's done,
In which th'art foil'd, and death hath overcome,
Having o'r-match'd thy ſtrength that made thee
Shee quickly forc'd thee on the pit to droop: (ſtoop
From whence thou art not able riſe or ſtir;
For death is now become the vanquiſher.

143. *On a Mathematician.*

Loe, in ſmall cloſure of this earthly bed,
Reſts he, that heavens vaſt motions meaſured,

Who

Who having known both of the Land and sky,
More than fam'd *Archimede*, or *Ptolomy*,
Would further presse, and like a *Palmer* went,
With *Jacobs* staffe, beyond the Firmament.

144. *On a Taylour.*

Jack Snip the Taylor's dead, 'tis now too late
To brawl or wrangle with the cruel fate,
Yet sure 'twas hardly done to clip his thred,
Before he gave them leave, in his own bed.
He dy'd at forty just; poor shred of base
Mortality! who pities not his case?
Of a whole ell of cloth, he would not take
Above a nail at most, for conscience sake:
But of his span of life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much lesse than one halfe away;
And Coward-like, just when he was not well,
With his own bodkin (pitifull to tell)
He board a hole through him, that all his men
And Prentices could not stitch up agen.

143. *On his Mistris Death.*

Unjustly we complain of Fate,
For shortning our unhappy dayes,
When death doth nothing but translate,
And prime us in a better phrase.

Yet

Yet who can chuse but weep? Not I:
That beauty of such excellence,
And more vertue than could dye,
By deaths rude hand is vanish'd hence.
Sleep blest creature in thine urn,
My sighs, my tears, shall not awake thee.
I but stay untill my turn;
And then, O then! I'l overtake thee.

146. *On Hobson the Carrier.*

If Constellations which in heaven are fixt,
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,
And every sign peculiar right doth claime
Of that to which it propagates a name;
Then I conjure, *Charles* the great Northern star
Whistled up *Hobson* for to drive his Car.
He is not dead, but left his mansion here,
Has left the Bull, and flitted to the Beare.
Me thinks I see how *Charons* fingers itches,
But he's deceiv'd he cannot have his riches.

147. *Another on Hobson.*

Whom seek ye first? Old *Hobson?* he upon
Your tardinesse, the Carrier is gon,
Why stare you so? nay, you deserve to faile,
Alas, here's nought, but his old rotten maile.

He

He went a good-while since, no question store
Are glad, who next he would not goe before:
And some are griev'd hee's gone so soon away,
The Lord knows why he did no longer stay.
How could he please you all? I'm sure of this,
He linger'd soundly, howso'r you misse;
But gone he is, nor was he surely well
At his departure, as mischance befell:
For he is gone in such unwonted kind,
As ne'r before, his goods all left behind.

148. *Old Hobsons Epitaph.*

Here *Hobson* lies among his many betters,
A man unlearned, yet a man of Letters;
His carriage was well known, oft hath he gone
In Embassy 'twixt father and the sonne:
There's few in *Cambridge*, to his praise be it spo-
But may remember him by some good Token.
From whence he rid to *London* day by day,
Till death benighting him, he lost his way:
His Team was of the best, nor would he have
Been mir'd in any way, but in the grave.
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gon,
Since all men know, he long was drawing on.
Thus rest in peace thou everlasting Swain,
And supreme Waggoner, next *Charles* his wain.

149. *Up-*

149. *Upon John Crop, who dyed by taking a vomit.*

Mans life's a game at Tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiser play;
Death playes against us, each disease and sore
Are blots, if hit, the danger is the more
To lose the game; but an old stander by
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,
And so prolongs the game; *John Crop* was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to see
His play, the dice are thrown, when first he drinks,
Casts, makes a blot, death hits him with a Sinque
He casts again, but all in vain, for death
By th'after game did win the prize, his breath.
What though his skill was good, his luck was bad,
For never mortall man worse casting had.
But did not death play false to win from such
As he? no doubt, he bare a man too much.

150. *An honest Epitaph.*

Here lyes an honest man, Reader if thou seek more,
Thou art not so thy selfe; for honesty is store
Of Commendations; and it is more praise,
To dye an honest man, then full of dayes.

151. *On a Cobler.*

Here lyes an honest Cobler, whom curst Fate,
Perceiving near worn out, would needs translate,
'Twas a good thrifty soul, and time hath bin,
He would well liquor'd wade through thick and thin,
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be said,
Honest *John* Cobler is here under-laid.

152. *On a proud man.*

Good Reader know, that commest nigh,
Here lies he low, that look'd so high.
Both poor and nak'd, that was gay-cloath'd:
Of all forsak'd, who others loath'd.
He once thought all envy'd his worth:
Nor great, nor small, now grudge his turf:
The heavenly Cope was his ambition:
Three Cubits scope is his fruition.
He was above all; God above him:
He did not love all; nor God love him:
He that him taught first to aspire,
Now hath him caught, and payes his hire.

153. *On an irefull and angry man.*

Here lyes a *Fury*, hight Sir *Ire*,
That bred, & earn'd immortal fire.
He 'gan to wrangle from the womb;
And was a wrangler to his Tomb.

A peevish, and a foolish elfe,
Foe to his God, his Saints, his self.
He hated men, men did not love him:
No evill but his own might move him.
He was, and was earths load and care:
He is, and is hells brand, and share.

154. *On John Dawson Butler.*

Dawson the Butler's dead, although I think
Poets were nere infusd with single drink,
Ile spend a farthing Muse, a watery Verse
Will serve the turn to cast upon his Herse.
If any cannot weep among us here,
Take off his cup, and so squeze out a teare.
Weep O ye barrels, let your drippings fall
In trickling streams, make waft more prodigall,
Then when our beer was good, that *John* may float
To *Stix* in beer, and lift up *Charrons* boat,
With wholsome waves: and as the Conduits ran
With Claret, at the Coronation,
So let your channels flow with single Tiff,
For *John* I hope is crown'd: take off your whiff,
Ye men of *Rosemary*, and drink up all,
Remembring 'tis a *Butlers* Funerall:
Had he been Master of good duble beer,
My life for his, *John Dawson* had been here.

155. *On Turn-Coat.*

Passenger, Stay, Reade, Walke. Here Lyeth,

ANDREW TURNCOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE, NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER, NOR COBLER, NOR FILCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR USURER, BUT ALL. WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY, NOR COUNTRY, NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD, NOR AT SEA, NOR AT LAND, NOR HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE, BUT EVERYWHERE. WHO DIED NEITHER OF HUNGER, NOR POYSON, NOR HATCHET, NOR HALTER, NOR DOGGE, NOR DISEASE, BUT OF ALL TOGETHER. I. H. BEING NEITHER HIS DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOUR, BUT ALL. IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED, THIS NEITHER MONUMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR SEPULCHER, BUT ALL. WISHING NEITHER EVIL, NOR WEL, NEITHER TO THEE, NOR TO ME, NOR HIM, BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

156. *On a Dyer.*

Though death the Dyer colour-leſſe hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;
But being dead, the means yet doth not lack,
To dye his friends cloth into mourning black.
Some ſure foreſaw his death, for they of late
Uſd to exclaim upon his dying Fate. (been,
And weak, and faint, he ſeem'd oft times t'have
For to change colours often he was ſeen;
Yet there no matter was ſo foul, but he
Would ſet a colour on it handſomely:
Death him no unexpected ſtroke could give,
That learnt to dye, ſince he began to live.
He ſhall yet prove, what he before had try'd,
And ſhall once more live after he hath dy'd.

157. *On a diſagreeing Couple.*

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille
Did ſcold with his Wife:
Cum illa jacet illa, quæ communis in villa
Did quitrance his life:
His name was *Nick*, the which was ſick,
And that very *male*,
Her name was *Nan*, who loved well a man,
So Gentlemen, *vale*.

158. *On a Foot-boy that dyed with over-much running.*

Baſe Tyrant death, thus to aſſail one tir'd,
Who ſcarce his lateſt breath being left expir'd;
And being too too cruell thus to ſtay
So ſwift a courſe, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be ſure it was not death
That left behind thy body out of breath:
Thy ſoul and body running in a race,
Thy ſoul held out, thy body tir'd apace,
Thy ſoul gained, and left that lump of clay
To reſt it ſelfe untill the latter day.

159. *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,
This is the laſt ſheet, his full point this Tomb.
Of all aſperſions I excuſe him not,
'Tis known he liv'd not, without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good Copies unto many.
He in good Letters hath alwayes been bred,
And hath writ more then many men have read.
He rulers had at his command by Law,
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw
He far more bond-men had, and made, then any;
A daſh alone of his pen ruin'd many;

That

That not without good reaſon, we might call
His Letters great, or little, Capitall.
Yet is the Scriveners fate as ſure as juſt,
When he hath all done then he falls to duſt.

160. *On Mr. P. Gray.*

Reader ſtay,
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lye till the laſt day,
All that is left of *Philip Gray*;
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if ſuch men as he could dye,
What ſurety of life have thou and I?

161. *On a Chandler.*

How might his dayes end that made weeks? or he
That could make light, here laid in darkneſſe be?
Yet ſince his weeks were ſpent, how could he chuſe
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade loſe?
Yet dead the Chandler is, and ſleeps in peace,
No wonder, long ſince melted was his greace:
It ſeems that he did evill, for day-light
He hated, and did rather wiſh the night:
Yet came his works to light, and were like gold
Prov'd in the fire, but could not tryall hold;
His candle had an end, and deaths black night
Is an extinguiſher of all his light.

162. *On a Smith.*

Farewell ſtout Iron-ſide, not all thine Art
Could make a ſhield againſt deaths envious Dart.
Without a fault, no man his life doth paſſe,
For to his Vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft (as Choler is increaſt by fire)
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.
He had ſo long been uſd to forge, that he
Was with a black-coal markt for forgery:
But he for witneſſe needed not to care,
Who but a Black-ſmith was, though ne'r ſo fair;
And opportunities he needed not.
That knew to ſtrike then when the ir'n was hot;
As the door-Nailes he made, hee's now as dead;
He them, and death him, hath knockt on the head.

163. *On a man drown'd in the Snow.*

Within a fleece of ſilent waters drown'd,
Before my death was known, a grave I found;
The which exil'd my life from her ſweet home,
For grief ſtraight froze it ſelfe into a tombe.
One element my angry Fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tomb, and winding ſheet:
Phœbus himſelf, an Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many ere he thought one fit;
He wrote untill my grave, and tomb were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none;

For

For every one that passed by that way,
Without a sculture read that there I lay.
Here now the second time untomb'd I lye,
And thus much have the best of Destiny:
Corruption, from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave, but did not feed on me:
My first grave took me from the race of men,
My last shall give me back to life agen.

164. *On Doctor Hackets wife.*

Drop mournfull eyes your pearly trickling teares,
Flow streams of sadnesse down the spangled spheares,
Fall like the tumbling Cataracts of *Nile*,
Make deaf the world with cryes; let not a smile
Appear, let not an eye be seen to sleep
Nor slumber, onely let them serve to weep
Her dear lamented death, who in her life
Was a religious, loyall, loving wife,
Of Children tender, to an husband kind,
Th'undoubted symtomes of a vertuous mind:
Which makes her glorious, 'bove the highest pole,
Where Angels sing sweet *Requiems* to her soule,
She liv'd a none-such, did a none-such dye,
Ne'r none-such here her Corps interred lye.

165. *On a beautiful Virgin.*

In this Marble buri'd lyes,
Beauty, may inrich the Skyes,

And adde light to *Phebus* eyes.

Sweeter then *Aurora's* aire,
When she paints the Lilies faire,
And gilds Cowslips with her haire.

Chaster then the Virgin spring,
Ere her blossomes she doth bring,
Or cause *Philomel* to sing.

If such goodnesse live 'mongst men,
Bring me it; I know then
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye standers by
Cherish me, and say that I
Am the next design'd to dy.

166. *An ancient Epitaph on Martin Mar-Prelate.*

The Welshman is hanged,
Who at our Kirk flanged,
And at her state banged,
And breaded are his Bukes:
And though he be hanged,
Yet he is not wranged,
The Devill has him fanged
In his kruked klukes.

167. Up-

167. *Upon Hodge Pue's Father.*

Oh cruell death that stopt the view
Of *Thames* Parishioner good man *Pue*,
Who lived alwayes in good order,
Until that death stopt his Recorder,
Which was betwixt Easter and Pentecost,
In the year of the great frost:
At *New-Market* then was the King,
When as the Bells did merrily ring;
The Minister preached the day before
Unto his Highnesse, and no more,
Returning home, said prayers, and
buried the man as I understand.

168. On our prime English Poet *Geffery Chaucer*, an ancient Epitaph.

My Master Chaucer, with his fresh Comedies
Is dead, alas! chiefe Poet of Britaine,
That whilome made full piteous Tragedies:
The fault also of Princes did complaine,
As he that was of making Soveraigne;
Whom all this Land should of right preferre,
Sith of our Language he was the Load-sterre.

169. *On Mr. Edm. Spencer, the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by the Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets were the beſt renown'd,
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?
The Gods made anſwer by divine ſuggeſtion,
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no queſtion.

170. *On John Owen.*

Well had theſe words been added to thy herſe,
What e'r thou ſpak'ſt (like *Ovid*) was a verſe.

171. *On Michael Drayton buryed in Weſtminſter.*

Doe pious Marble, let thy Readers know,
What they, and what their Children ow
To *Draytons* ſacred name, whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory,
And a laſting Monument of his glory,
And when thy ruines ſhall diſclaime
To be the Treaſury of his name:
His name which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to thee.

172. *On Mr. Beaumont.*

He that hath such acuteneſſe, and such wit,
As well may aſk ſix lives to manage it;
He that hath writ ſo well, that no man dare
Deny it for the beſt; let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſole death appears,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes men in few years.

173. *On William Shakeſpeare.*

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make room
For *Shakeſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tomb,
To lodge all four in one bed make a ſhift
Untill Dooms-day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be ſlain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death doe bar
A fourth place in your ſacred Sepulcher;
Under this ſacred Marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare Tragœdian *Shakeſpeare!* ſleep alone,
Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared cave,
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not Tenant of thy grave,
That knto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

174. *On Ben: Johnson.*

Here lyes *Johnson* with the reſt
Of the Poets; but the beſt.
Reader, wo'dſt thou more have known?
Aſk his ſtory, not this ſtone;
That will ſpeak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

175. *Another on Ben: J.*

The Muſes faireſt light, in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the line
That none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To Nature: the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen:
The voyce moſt Eccho'd by conſenting men:
The ſoul which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others: and which moſt requitall made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her muſick with her owne.
In whom with nature, ſtudy claim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelf ow'd all his Art;
Here lyes *Ben: Johnſon*, every age will look
With ſorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

176. *On Mr. Francis Quarles.*

To them that understand themselves so well,
As what, not who lies here, to ask, I'll tell,
What I conceive, envy dare not deny,
Far both from falshood, and from flattery.
Here drawn to land by death, doth lye
A Vessell fitter for the skye,
Then *Jasons Argo*, though to *Greece*,
They say, it brought the Golden Fleece.
The skillfull Pilot steer'd it so,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Through all the Seas of Poetry,
Whether they far or near doe lye,
And fraught it so with all the wealth,
Of wit and learning, not by stealth,
Or Piracy, but purchase got,
That this whole lower world could not
Richer Commodities, or more
Afford to adde unto his store.
To heaven then with an intent
Of new discoveries, he went,
And left his Vessell here to rest
Till his return shall make it blest.
The bill of Lading he that looks
To know, may find it in his Books.

177. *On*

177. *On Doctor Donne's death.*

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have wit to spare, and to hurle down:
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.
He must have learning plenty; both the Laws,
Civill, and Common, to judge any Cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest;
None of the worst edition, but the best;
He must have language, travail, all the Arts;
Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Mecenas* and *Augustus* too;
He must have such a sickneſſe, such a death,
Or else his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first; let alone for me.

176. *On Doctor Whaly.*

What? is the young *Apollo* grown of late
Conſcious his tender years are nothing fit
To rule the now large *Heliconian* State,
Without a ſage Competitor in it?

And

And therefore sent death, who might *Whaly* bring
To be a Guardian to this stripling King?
Sure so it is, but if we thought it might
Be worse then this: namely, that th'Gods for spight
To earth, had ta'n him hence; wee'd weep amain,
Wee'd weep a *Phlegethon*, an Ocean;
Which might without the help of *Charons* Oares,
Ferry his soule to the *Elysian* shoares.

179. *On Doctor Bambrigg.*

Were but this Marble vocall, there
Such an *Elogium* would appear
As might, though truth did dictate, move
Distrust in either faith or love;
As ample knowledge as could rest
Inshrined in a Mortals breast,
Which ne'retheleſſe did open lye,
Uncovered by humility.
A heart which piety had choſe,
To be her Altar, whence aroſe
Such ſmoaking Sacrifices, that
We here can onely wonder at;
A honey tongue that could diſpence,
Torrents of ſacred Eloquence;
That 'tis no wonder if this ſtone
Becauſe it cannot ſpeak, doth groan;
For could Mortality aſſent,
Theſe aſhes would prove eloquent.

180. *On*

180. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh at his Execution.*

Great heart, who taught thee so to dye?
Death yielding thee the victory?
Where took'st thou leave of life? if there,
How couldst thou be so freed from fear?
But sure thou dyest, and quit'st the state
Of flesh and blood before the Fate.
Else what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in flesh and thought?
I saw in every stander by,
Pale death, life onely in thine eye:
Th'example that thou left'st was then,
We look for when thou dy'st agen.
Farewell, truth shall thy story say,
We dy'd, thou onely liv'dst that day.

181. *On Sir Horatio Palavozeene.*

Here lies Sir *Horatio Palavozzeene*,
Who rob'd the Pope to pay the Queene,
And was a thief. A thief? thou ly'st:
For why? he rob'd but Antichrist.
Him death with his beesome swept from *Babram*,
Into the bosome of old *Abraham*:
But then came *Hercules* with his Club,
And struck him down to *Belzabub*.

182. *On Sir Francis Drake drowned.*

Where *Drake* firſt found, there laſt he loſt his name:
And for Tomb left nothing but his name.
His body's bury'd under ſome great wave,
The Sea that was his glory, is his grave.
Of him no man true Epitaph can make,
For who can ſay, *Here lies Sir Francis Drake.*

183. *Sir. Ph. Sidney on himſelfe.*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inn,
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy ſin;
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in. (Kin?
Why mourn you then my Parents, Friends, and
Lament you when I loſe, not when I win.

184. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh.*

If ſpight be pleaſd, when as her object's dead,
Or malice pleaſd, when it hath bruiſd the head,
Or envy pleaſd, when it hath what it would,
Then all are pleaſd, for *Rawleighs* blood is cold,
Which were it warm and active, would o'recome,
And ſtrike the two firſt blind, the other dumbe.

185. *On*

185. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Reader: within this ground Sir *Philip Sidney* lyes,
Nor is it fit, that more
I should acquaint;
Left superſtition riſe,
And men adore
A Lover, Scholler, Souldier, and a Saint.

186. *On a Learned Nobleman.*

He that can read a ſigh, and ſpell a tear,
Pronounce amazement, or accent will fear,
Or get all grief by heart, he, onely he,
Is fit to write, or read thy Elegie.
Unvalued Lord! that wert ſo hard a text,
Read in one age, and underſtood i'th'next.

187. *On the Tombs in Weſtminſter.*

Mortality, behold, and feare,
What a change of fleſh is here!
Think how many Royall bones,
Sleep within theſe heaps of Stones;
Here they lye, had Realms, and Lands;
Who now want ſtrength to ſtir their hands.

Where

Where from their Pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, In greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed,
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'r suck in,
Since the first man dy'd for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings,
Here's a world of Pomp and State
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

188. *On Queen Elizabeth.*

Kings, Queens, Mens, Virgins eyes
See where the mirrour lyes.
In whom her friends have seen,
A Kings state in a Queen:
In whom her foes survai'd,
A Mans heart in a Maid.
Whom left Men for her Piety,
Should grow to think some Deity;
Heaven hence by death did summon
Her, to shew that she was Woman.

189. *On Queen Anne, who dyed in March, was kept all April, and buried in May.*

March with his winds hath ſtruck a Cedar tall,
And weeping *April* mourns the Cedars fall:
And *May* intends her month no flowres ſhall bring,
Since ſhe muſt loſe the flow'r of all the Spring.
Thy *March* his winds, have cauſed *April* ſhow'rs,
And yet ſad *May* muſt loſe his flow'r of flow'rs.

190. *On Prince Henry.*

Reader; wonder think it none,
Though I ſpeak, and am a ſtone,
Here is ſhrin'd Cœleſtiall duſt,
And I keep it but in truſt:
Should I not my treaſure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could chuſe but break,
If it had not learn'd to ſpeak:
Hence amaz'd and ask not me
Whoſe theſe ſacred aſhes be,
Purpoſely it is conceal'd,
For alaſſe! were that reveal'd,
All that read would by and by
Melt themſelves to tears and dy.

191. *On King James his death.*

We justly, when a meaner subject dyes,
Begin his Epitaph with, Here he lyes,
But when a King, whose memory remains
Triumphant over death; with, here he reignes:
Now he is dead, to whom the world imputes
Deservedly, eternall Attributes.
For shall we think his glory can decease,
That's honour'd with the stile, The King of Peace:
Whose happy union of Great Britanny?
Calls him the blessed King of Unity.
And in whose Royall Title it ensu'th,
Defender of the Faith, and King of Truth,
These girt thy brows with an immortal Crown,
(Great *James*) & turn thy Tomb into a Throne.

192. *On the King of Sweden.*

The world expects *Swede's* monumentall stone
Should equall the Philosophers; each groane
Should breath a golden vein, and every verse
Sould draw *Elixar* from his fatall Herse.
No fitter subject where strong liner should meet,
Than such a noble Center: could the feet
Of able Verse but trace his Victories,

Where all's transcendent, who out parallel'd
Plutarchs selected *Heroes*, and is held
The tenth of Worthies: who hath over-acted
Great *Cesars German*-Comment, and contracted
His expeditions by preventing aw,
He often overcame before he saw:
And (what of his great Son, *Jove* us'd to say)
He always either found or made his way.
Such was his personall and single fight,
As if that death it self had ta'n her flight
Into brave *Swedens* scabbard, when he drew,
Death with that steel inevitably flew.
His Camp a Church, wherein the Gen'rall's life
Was the best Sermon, and the onely strife
Amongst his, was to repeat it; bended knee
Was his prime posture, and his enemy
Found this most prevalent; his discipline
Impartiall and exact, it did out-shine
Those Antique Martiall Grecian, Roman lamps,
From which most of the worlds succeeding Camps
Have had their borrow'd light; this, this was he,
All this and more; yet even all this can dye.
Death surely ventur'd on the *Swede* to try,
If heav'n were subject to mortality;
And shot his soule to Heav'n, as if that she
Could (if not kill) unthrone a Deity.
Both Death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another sense,
That Heaven is said to suffer violence.

No

No ir'n Chain-shot, but 'tis the golden chaine
Of Vertue, and the Graces are the maine,
That doe unhinge the everlasting Gates,
All which like yoked-undivided mates,
Were lin'd in *Sweden*; where then were enchain'd
Like Orthodox all, Volumes nothing feign'd:
Though fairly bound, his story is not dipt
In oyle, but in his own true Manuscript.
It is enough to name him, surely we
Have got that *Romans* doting Lethargy:
And may our names forget, if so we can
Forget the name of *Sweden*; renown'd man?
Thou hadst no sooner made the Worthies ten,
But Heaven did claim the tenth; jealous that men
Would Idolize thee, but their Instrument.
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy Occident:
Had longer dayes been granted by the Fates,
Rome had heard this *Hannibal* at her gates.

Farewell thou *Austrian* scourge,
Thou modern wonder,
Strange rain hath followed
Thy last clap of thunder,
A shower of teares:
And yet for ought we know,
The Horn that's left,
May blow down *Jericho*.

163. To Death.

Death, art thou mad? or having loſt thine eyes,
Now throw'ſt thy dart at wild uncertainties?
Which hits thoſe men, who hadſt thou eyes or
Would challenge from thee mild obedience. (ſenſe
Their prudent looks gilt with Divinity,
Thy trembling hand would caſt thy dart away,
And grant the wearied Bells a holy day;
And thou griev'd for thy former cruelty,
Wouldſt to the world proclaim a Jubilee.
But thou art blind and deaf: yet one or two
At moſt, me thinks, had been enow
To ſatisfie thy bloody Tyranny.
But thou wouldſt fain rob poor mortality
Of all true worth, that men might be as baſe
As thou art, and the Devils of thy race.
Art thou Coward grown? why didſt not dart
Thy ſpight at luſty youth? whoſe valiant heart
Would ſcorn thy fond Alarums, and would ſlight
Thy mighty malice, and thy puny might.
This had bin fair enough; but thou goeſt further:
That had been but man-ſlaughter, this is murther;
To kill thoſe rich-ſoul'd men, who ſweetly doe
Whiſper unto their willing ſouls to goe.
But knowledge of thy weakneſſe makes thee wiſe,
Thou ſeek'ſt not triumphs now, but ſacrifice.

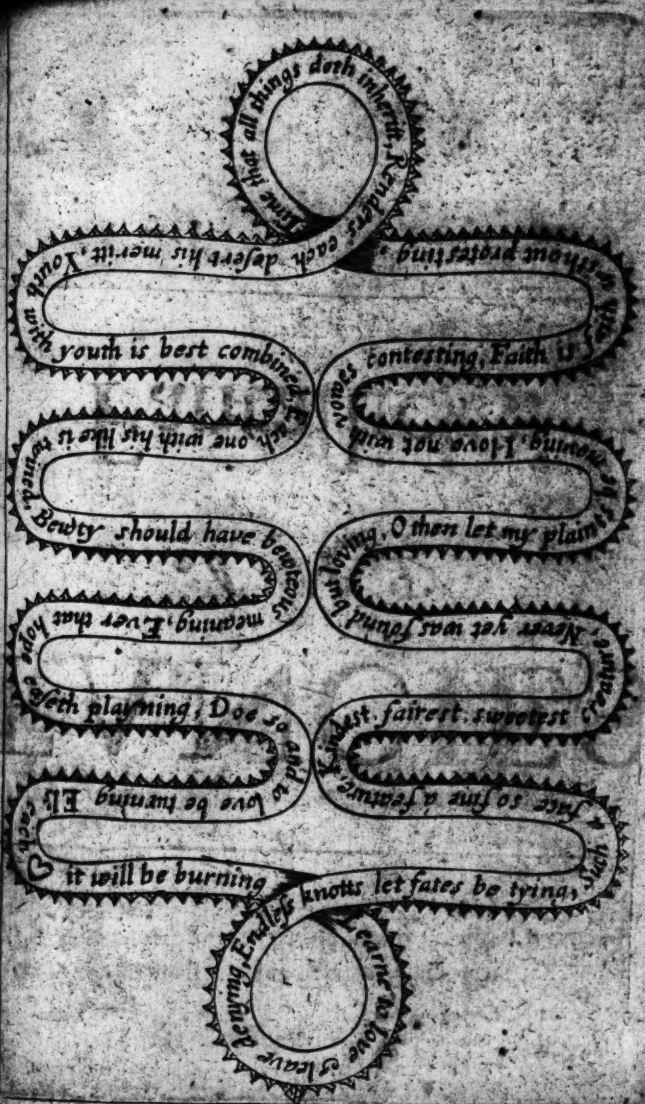
Thy

Thy malice fools thee too, thou hop'ſt they'd griev
Becauſe they ſhould be forc'd behind to leave
Their honour'd worth; but (fond fool) they be
Now crown'd and cloath'd with immortality.
Nor ſhalt thou kill their fames; here we will raiſe
A Monument to them, ſhall out-laſt dayes;
Nor ſhall decay, untill the Trumpets call
The world to ſee thy long-wiſh'd Funerall:
Till then ſleep bleſt ſoules, freed from hopes and (fears.
Whilſt we do write your *Epitaphs* in tears.

FANCIES

AND

Fantasticks.


Time that all things doth inherit, Renders each deserve his merit, Youth
with youth is best combined, Eld
Eld one with his like is twined.
Beauty should have beauteous meaning, Ever that hope
Loveth playning; Doe so
Love be burning Eld
it will be burning
Learne the love of Heaven Burning. Endless knotts let fates be tying,
Fairest, sweetest, Kindest. fairest, sweetest
Never yet was found but
Love not with
Faith is
Love so fine a feature,
Love with
Love

Enigma.

As often as I pleaſe it changeth forme,
It is no Coward, though it doe no harme;
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh ſound,
And once being loſt, again 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
And a true pattern for a Serving-man.
'Tis born a Gyant, lives a Dwarfe, and nigh
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Another on the ſix Caſes.

No. *Nanta* was nominated for a W.
Gen. For ſhe that had been *Genitive* before:
Da. Notice hereof was *to the Juſtice* given,
Acc. *Who her accu'ſd*, that ſhe had looſly liven.
Voc. But ſhe *cry'd mercy*, and her fault up ript,
Abl. And ſo *was-ta'n away* and ſoundly whipt.
Her Caſe was ill; yet will the queſtion be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a Caſe was ſhe

If V 2 I, as I 2 V am true,
I
V muſt lye, and V

Thoughts — { Searching
Love — { Valued may B



Truth never ties
Too A foole yy

If V 2 have part 

And 

V bb

Y'ave 1. 2. many then I. C.
And R not worth
I'le — { Write not yours Q Q V V

A Riddle.

A begger once exceeding poore,
A penny pray'd me give him,
And deeply vow'd ne'r to ask more
And I ne'r more to give him,
Next day he begg'd again, I gave,
Yet both of us our Oaths did ſave.

Another.

There was a man beſpake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it, did refuſe it,
He that bought it, would not uſe it;
He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

Another.

One evening, as cold, as cold might be,
With Froſt and Snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a bed together;
Yet one after other they took heat,
And dy'd that night all in a ſweat.

THIS

Each pearking others likes,
THIS is love and worth
Never light
Like a mile
one is myrth
Beginning never ending,
Never bi
ginning, still in
measure still in
Like a mile
Insnaring harts
Laughing eyes
Twyning armes
More and more
Worth commending,
But lovinge
Moving, and is ne
ither
Blisse in

A doubtfull meaning.

The *Feminine* kind is counted ill:
And is I ſwear: The contrary;
No man can find: That hurt they will;
But every where: Doe ſhow pity;
To no kind heart: They will be curſt;
To all true friends: They will be truſty;
In no part: They work the worſt;
With tongue and mind: But honeſty;
They doe deteſt: Inconſtancy;
They doe embrace: Honeſt intent;
They like leaſt: Lewd fantaſie;
In every caſe: Are penitent;
At no ſeaſon: Doing amiſſe;
To it truly: Contrary;
To all reaſon: Subject and meek;
To no body: Malicious;
To friend or foe: Or gentle ſort;
They be never: Doing amiſſe;
In weale and woe: Of like report;
They be ever: Be ſure of this;
The *Feminine* kind: Shall have my heart;
Nothing at all: Falſe they will be;
In word and mind: To ſuffer ſmart;
And ever ſhall: Believe you me.

2 A ✠

That  doth goe

That's
rul'd by 1.

whoſe  ſayes no:

I'le try ere truſt
ward left

my 

Find ſlight regard.

The  a  

whilſt

I  2 Lovers 

That
gazed me.

There was nor 

nor loathſome 

That might diſturb or break delight,

Nor  nor 

in that ſame road,
And yet to me they ſeem'd affright.
favour
Then them I told,
True love cannot be
bold.

Theſe may be read two or three wayes.

Your face	Your tongue	your wit
ſo faire	ſo ſmooth	ſo ſharp
firſt drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine eare	my heart
Mine eye	Mine eare	My heart
thus drawn	thus mov'd	thus knit
affects	hangs on	yeelds to
Your face	Your tongue	your wit

Theſe may be read backward or forward.

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I doe deſire,
Deſtroy me Death; fain would I dye:
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,
Scorn ſmiles thereat; hope is beguild:
Men baniſh'd bliſſe, in woe muſt dwell,
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs all farewell.

TRUE


TRUE LOVE IS a pre
Though beauties soul
the sinnes & flameing rife
like a
a precious pleasure
maze enwreathing
Dead to
Wreath like
hand in hand ne'r fleeting
True love is a
Bloomless measure True love is
Graspings
Two faire mindes in
meeting
enchanting eye
Deare to Gold enchanting
is true loves
hearts in one
tious pleasure,
to faithles vowes perfidious
One combineing Foe
Rich delight unvalu'd treasure, Two firme
witches, Love for ver
ne not for riches sinfull

Eſt aliis ſervire tenetur
Jure . qui
ſum ſervire neceſſe eſt
Jure tibi me
Te nulli cunctos
aut are videris
Qui cunctos hos laude
aut fero cunctis.

Thus Engliſhed.

-ling is bound to ſerve his Mris. hands An-
you & bound to do your high cõmands
I'm
None's you
you all are then
I'll praiſe you
other men.

A New years Gift.

That our loves may never alter,
Tye it fast with this strong Halter.

The Answer.

The Rope is old, the Jest is new,
I'll take the Jest, the Rope take you.

A Gentleman to his Love.

Tell her I love; and if she ask how well;
Tell her my tongue told thee no tongue can tell.

Her Answer.

Say not you love, unlesse you do,
For lying will not honour you.

His Reply.

Madam, I love, and love to doe,
And will not lye, unless with you.

To his Mistresse.

A constant heart within a womans breast,
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory Chest.

Her answer.

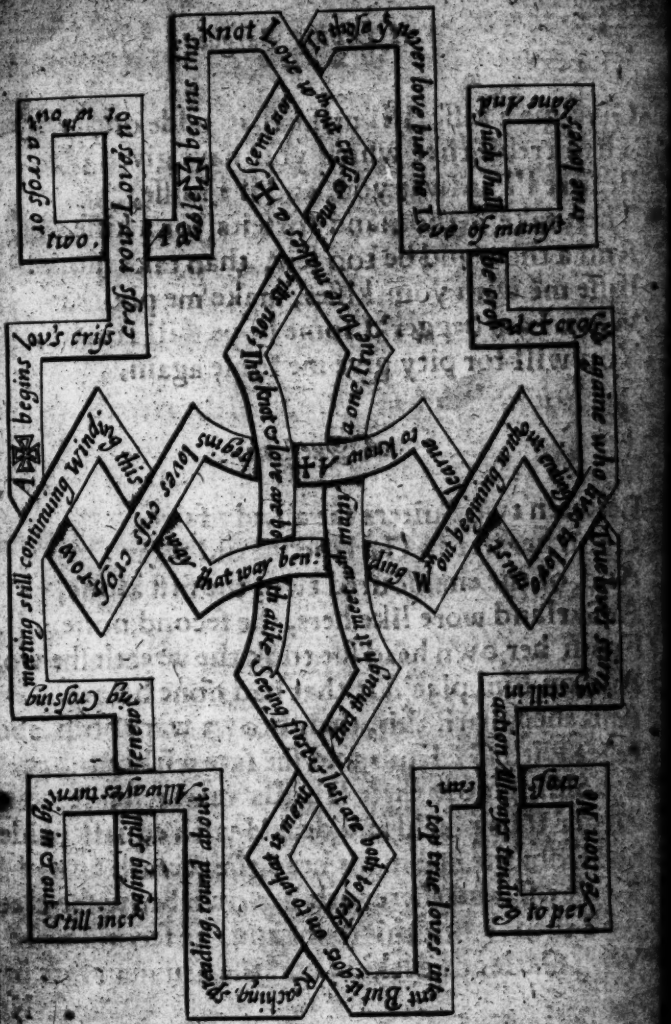
Of such a Treasure then thou art possest,
For thou hast such a heart in such a Chest.

On Chloris walking in the Snow.

I saw fair *Chloris* walk alone,
When feather'd rain came softly down,
Then *Jove* descended from his Tower,
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton Snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whitenes there
For grief it thaw'd into a teare;
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Upon Clarinda, begging a lock of her Lovers hair.

Fairest *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls faire,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of haire;
Should I give both, said I, how should I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give:
For that, lest theeving love should steal away,
Discretion had lock'd up, and kept the key;
As for the lock of hair which lovers use,
My head laid on her knee, I pray'd her chuse,
Taking her Sizars by a cunning art,
First pick'd the lock, and then she stole my heart.


knot Love
never love but one Love of many
Love
Love
Love

A Loving Bargain.

Give me a kisse, I'll make that odde one even,
Then treble that which you have given;
Be sure I'l answer you, and if I misse,
Then take a thousand forfeits for a kisse,
And a thousand be too few, than take more:
Kisse me with your kisses, make me poore:
When I am begger'd some hope will remain,
You will for pity give me some again.

A Question.

Between two Suiters sat a Lady faire,
Upon her head a Garland she did wear:
And of the enamoured two, the first alone,
A Garland wore like hers, the second none;
From her own head she took the wreath she wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before.
And then mark this, their brows were both about
Beset with Garlands, and she sate without:
Beholding now these Rivalls on each side
Of her thus plac'd and deck'd with equall pride:
She from the first mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brow she clad.
And then (not this) she and the second were
With Garlands deck'd; and the first man sate bare.

Now

Now which did she love best? of him to whom
She gave the wreath? or him she took it from?

The Answer.

In my conceit, she would him sooneſt have,
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave.
For to bestow, many respects may move:
But to receive, none can perswade but love.
Shee grac'd him much on whom the wreath shee
plac'd;
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more
grac'd.
For where she gives, she there a servant makes,
But makes her selfe a servant where she takes.
Then where she takes, she honours most: & where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

An incomparable kisse.

Give me a Kisse from those sweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoyning mine,
Another yet, nay yet another,
And let the first Kisse be the seconds brother,
Give me a thousand kisses, and yet more;
And then repeat those that have gone before;
Let us begin while day-light springs in heav'n
And kisse till night descends into the Ev'n,

And

And when that modest Secretary, Night,
Discolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright,
We will begin Revels of hidden love,
In that sweet Orbe where silent pleasures move
In high, new straine, unspeakable delight,
We'll vent the dull houres of the silent night.
Were the bright day no more to visit us,
O then for ever would I hold thee thus;
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle feare,
As the first Lovers in the Garden were.
I'll dye betwixt thy breasts that are so white,
For, to dye there, would doe a man delight.
Embrace me still, for time runs on before,
And being dead we shall embrace no more.
Let us kisse faster then the hours doe flye,
Long live each kisse, and never know to dye.
Yet if that fade, and fly away too fast,
Impresse another, and renew the last;
Let us vie kisses, till our eye-lids cover,
And if I sleep, count me an idle Lover,
Admit I sleep, I'll still pursue the Theam,
And eagerly I'l kisse thee in a dream.
O give me way; grant love to me thy friend,
Did hundred thousand suiters all contend
For thy Virginity, there's none shall woe
With heart so firm as mine; none better do
Then I wish your sweet sweetnesse; if you doubt
Pierce with your eyes my heart, or pluck it out.

T

To his Mistresse.

Dearest, thy twin'd haires are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor doe I hold
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Fresh Roses; nor thy Dugs of Ivory;
The skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not alablaster is; nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; these the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth;
Such then are other mistresses; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

The Answer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth sure in thy love;
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concur in generation;
And wanting gravity are light,
Or in a borrowed lustre bright;
If meteors and each falling starre,
Of heavenly matter framed are,
Earth hath thy Mistresse, but sure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

To his Mistresse.

I love, because it comes to me by kind;
And much, because it much delights my mind:
And thee, because thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, because of thy desert.
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone,
By kind, mind, heart, and every one.

Her answer.

Thou lov'st not, because thou art unkind,
Nor much, cause it delighteth not thy mind:
Nor me, because I am not in thy heart:
Nor me alone, because I want desert:
Thou lov'st nor much, nor me, nor me alone,
By kind, mind, heart, desert, nor any one.

Clownish Courtship.

Excellent Mistresse, brighter than the Moon,
Then scoured Pewter, or the Silver-spoon,
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the morning starre;
Dainty faire Mistresse, by my troth you are
As far excelling *Dian* and her Nymphs,
As lobsters crawfish, and as crawfish shrimps:
Thine eyes like Diamonds, doe shine most clearly,
As I'm an honest Man, I love thee dearly.

A Compariſon.

Like to the ſelfe-inhabiting ſnaile,
Or like a Squirrell pent-hous'd under his taile,
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſſe face in a vaile:
Or like to a Carp that's loſt in mudding,
Nay, more like to a black-pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtreſſe beauty in a taffity gin.

A Queſtion.

Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*,
Tell me but that, 'tis all I crave;
I ſhall not need to be alone,
If ſuch a lovely mate I have;
That thou art one, who can deny?
And all will grant that I am I,
If I be I, and thou art one,
Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*.

The Anſwer.

I tell you Sir, and tell you true,
That I am *J*, and I am *one*,
So can I ſpell *Jone* without you,
And ſpelling ſo, can lye alone:

My

My eye to one is consonant,
But as for yours it is not so;
If that your eye agreement want,
I to your eye must answer no;
Therefore leave off your loving plea,
And let your I be I per se.

Loves prime.

Dear Love, doe not your fair beauty wrong
With thinking still you are too young,
The Rose and Lilly in your cheek
Doe flourish, and no ripening seek:
Those flaming beams shot from your eye,
Doe show Loves Midsumer is nigh.
Your cherry-lip, red, soft and sweet,
Proclaim such fruit for taste is meet:
Then lose no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Another to his Mistresse.

When first I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play
The gentle thief, and stol'st my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thy owne,
Two are too much for thee, since I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will swear thou art
A sweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

Ano-

Another.

Sweetest fair be not too cruell,
Blot not beauty with disdain,
Let not those bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vain;
Least men justly when I dye,
Deem you the Candle, me the Flye.

Another.

I cannot pray you in a studyed stile,
Nor speak words distant from my heart a mile;
I cannot visit Hide-Park every day,
And with a Hackney court my time away;
I cannot spaniolize it week by week,
Or wait a month to kisse your hand or cheek;
If when you'r lov'd, you cannot love again,
Why, doe but say so, I am out of pain.

Excuse for absence.

You'll ask perhaps wherefore I stay,
(Loving so much,) so long away?
I doe not think 'twas I did part,
It was my body, not my heart:

For like a Compaſſe in your love,
One foot was fixt, and cannot move;
Th'other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy fortune, but cannot ſlide
Beyond your ſervice; nor will venter
To wander far from you the Center.

To a faire, but unkind Miſtreſſe.

I prethee turn that face away,
Whoſe ſplendor but benights my day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shun the bright rayes that beauty darts;
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries
Into thoſe ſhades where ſorrow lyes.
Goe ſhine on happy things, to me
The bleſſing is a miſery;
For your bright Sun, not warms, but burns;
Like that the Indian ſooty turnes.
I'l ſerve the night, and there confin'd,
Wiſh thee leſſe fair; or elſe more kind.

To himſelfe.

Retreat ſad heart, breed not thy further pain;
Admire, but fonder thoughts ſeek to refrain.

To some Ladies.

Ladies, you that seem so nice,
And in snow as cold as ice,
And perhaps have held out thrice,
Doe not think, but in a trice,
One or other may entice;
And at last by some device,
Set your honour at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Nose, lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Let insult not, sparks within
Slowly burn e'r flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

A Heart lost.

Good folk, for love or hire,
But help me to a Cryer,
For my poor heart is gone astray
After two eyes that went that way.
O yes! if there be any man
In Town or Country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll pay him for his pain.

And by these marks I will you show,
That onely I this heart doe owe:
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Every part sore hurt throughout:
Faith and troth writ round about.
It is a tame heart and a deare,
That never us'd to roame,
But having got a haunt, I feare
Will never stray at home,
For love-sake walking by this way,
If you this heart doe see;
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it home to me.

The sad Lover.

Why should I wrong my judgement so,
As for to love where I doe know
There is no hold for to be taken?

For what her wish thirsts after most,
If once of it her heart can boast,
Straight by her folly 'tis forsaken.

Thus whilst I still pursue in vaine,
Me thinks I turn a child again,
And of my shadow am a chasing.

For all her favoure are to me
Like apparitions which I see,
But never can come near th'embracing.

Oft had I wish'd that there had been
Some Almanack whereby to have seen
When love with her had been in season.

But I perceive there is no art
Can find the Epact of the heart,
That loves by chance, and not by reason.

Yet will I not for this despaire,
For time her humor may prepare
To grace him who is now neglected.

And what unto my constancy
Shee now denies: one day may be
From her inftancy expected.

A Watch sent to a Gentlewoman.

Goe and count her happy hours,
They more happy are than ours:
That day that gets her any blisse,
Makes it twice as long as 'tis:
The houre she smiles in, lets it be
By thine art increas'd to thee:

But if she frown on thee or mee,
Know night is made, by her, not thee:
Be swift in such an hour, and soon
Make it night, though it be noon:
Obey her time, who is the free,
Fair Sun that governs thee and me.

On a Fairing.

Let them whose fears distrusts a Mistresse faith,
Bribe it with gifts: mine no suspition hath:
It were a sin of as much staine in me,
To think you false, as so my selfe to be.
If to reward that thou hast expreſt,
Thou dost expect a present: 'tis confeſt
'Twere justice from another, but I am
So poor, I have not left my self a name
In substance; not made thine by gift before:
He that bestowes his heart, can give no more
If thou wouldst have a fairing from me, then
Give me my self back, I'll give it thee agen.



Posies for Rings.

Wee are agreed
In time to speed.

I truft in time
Thou wilt be mine.

In thy breaft
My heart doth reft.

This and the giver
Are thine for ever.

Tis love alone
Makes two but one.

Loves knot once tyde
Who can divide?

Where hearts agree
No ftrife can be.

God above
Increase our love.

Though time doe slide,
Yet in true love abide.

Nought so sweet,
As when we greet,

Thy affection,
My perfection.

With a O to Julia.

Julia, I bring
To thee this Ring,
Made for thy *finger* fit;
To shew by this,
That our love is
Or sho'd be, like to it.

Close though it be,
Thy joynt is free;
So when lov's yoke is on
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it muſt play
Still either way;
And be, too, ſuch a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-ſlide,
Or be ſo ſtrait to choak.

So we, who beare,
This beam, muſt reare
Our ſelves to ſuch a height:
As that the ſtay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw or elſe to ſever:
So let our love
As endleſſe prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.

True beauty.

May I finde a woman faire
And her mind as clear as air;
Her beauty gone alone,
To me, if ſhe were none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitche
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falshood not disguise;
Hath she wit, as she hath will?
Double arm'd she is to kill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
There is beauties fairest hue;
There is beauty, love and wit,
Happy he can compasse it.

Choyce of a Mistresse.

Not that I wish my Mistris
More or lesse than what she is,
Write I these lines, for 'tis too late
Rules to prescribe unto my fate.

But yet as tender stomachs call
For some choyce meat, that bears no all

A queazie lover may impart,
What Mistresse 'tis that pleaſe his heart.

Firſt I would have her richly ſpred,
With natures bloſſomes white and red;
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,
That have not fewell from the eye.

This alone will never win,
Except ſome treaſure lies within;
For where the ſpoile's not worth the ſtay,
Men raiſe their ſiege and goe away.

I'd have her wiſe enough to know
When, and to whom a grace to ſhow:
For ſhe that doth at randome chuſe,
She will, as ſoon her choyce refuſe.

And yet methinks I'd have her mind
To flowing courteſie inclin'd:
And tender hearted as a maid,
Yet pity onely when I pray'd.

And I would wiſh her true to be,
(Miſtake me not,) I mean to me:
She that loves me, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdome o'r and o'r.

And I could wish her full of wit,
Knew she how to huswife it:
But she whose wisdome makes her dare
To try her wit, will sell more ware.

Some other things, delight will bring,
As if she dances, play, and sing.
So they be safe, what though her parts
Catch ten thousand forain hearts.

But let me see, should she be proud;
A little pride should be allow'd.
Each amorous boy will sport and prate
Too freely, where he finds not state.

I care not much though she let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown.
But if she wholly quench desire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To smile, to toy, is not amisse,
Sometimes to interpose a kisse;
But not to cloy; sweet things are good,
Pleasant for sawce, but not for food.

Wishes to his supposed Mistresse.

Whoe'r she be,
That is the onely she,
That shall command my heart and me.

Might you hear my wishes
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gawdy tire, or some such folly.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest;
And can alone command the rest.

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme
That chastity shall take no harme.

Joyes that confesse
Vertue her Mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse.

Dayes, that in spight
Of darkenesse, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all Night.

Life

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it's come, say, Welcome friend.

Soft silken Howers,
Open Sunnes; shady Bowers,
Bove all; Nothing within that lowers.

I wish her store
Of wealth may leave her poore
Of wishes; and I wish no more.

Now if time knowes,
That her whose radiant browes,
Weave them a Garland of my vowes.

Her that dare bee,
What these lines wish to see,
I seek no further, it is shee.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying wishes
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
(My fancies) fly before ye,
Be ye my fiction, but her my story.

To a Lady.

Madam,

Should I not smother this ambitious fire,
Which actuates my verse: it would aspire
To blear your vertues, in a glimm'ring line;
And your perfections in its measures twine.
But I have check'd my fancie Muse, nor dares
Dull Poetry attempt to scan the spheares;
Or in a cloudy rime invaile the light,
Or court the trembling Watchmen of the night;
Some vulgar vertue, or a single blaze,
Might stand in Verse; and would endure a gaze:
But when both Art, and Nature, shall agree
To summe their all in one Epitome:
When the perfections of both sexes, are
Lock'd in one female store-house; who shall dare
In an audacious rapture, to untwine
Into loose numbers, what Heaven doth enshrine,
In one rich breast? Dazled invention say,
Canst thou embowell either *India*,
In one poor rime? Or can thy touch-light fire,
Shew us the Sun? or any Star that's higher?
If thou wilt needs spend thy officious flame,
Doe it in admiration: but disclaime
Thy power to praise: thy fenders wishes, beare,
And be the Herauld of the new-born yeare:

With

With that each rising Sun, may see her more
Happy, then when he rose the morn before;
And may, when e'r he gilds the envious West,
Leave her more blest, then when he grac'd the East,
With higher yet, that late felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poesy
Thou art too low; canst thou not swell a strain
May reach my thoughts: good Madam since 'tis vain,
(And yet my verse to kisse your hand presum'd)
Let it to be your sacrifice be doom'd:
And what it wants in true Poetique fire,
Let the flame adde, till so my Muse expire.

An Eccho.

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me truly what is Woman?
If worn, she is a feather,
If woo'd she's frosty weather;
If worn, the wind not slighter:
If weigh'd, the Moone not lighter:
If [illegible] she's apish:
If not faine with, she's snappish.

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me once more what is woman?
If faire, she's coy in courting,
If witty, loose in sporting,

If ready, she's but cloathing,
If naked, she's just nothing,
If not belov'd, she horns thee;
If lov'd too well, she scorns thee.
The Eccho still replyed,
But still me thought she lyed.

Then for my Mistresse sake,
Againe reply did make.
If worn, she is a Jewell,
If woo'd, she is not cruell,
If won, no Rock is surer,
If weigh'd, no gold is purer,
If laine withall, delicious;
If not, yet no way vitious.
False Eccho goe, you lye,
See your errours I descry.

And for the second summon I
This for woman doe reply.
If faire, she's heavenly treasure,
If witty, she's all pleasure,
If ready, she is quaintest,
If not ready, she's daintiest,
If lov'd, her heart she spares not,
If not belov'd, she cares not.
False Eccho, goe you lye,
See, your errours I descry.

To

To Fortune.

Since Fortune thou art become so kind,
To give me leave to take my mind,
Of all thy store.
First it is needfull that I find
Good meat and drink of every kind;
I ask no more.
And then that I may well digest
Each severall morsell of the feast
See thou my store.
To ease the care within my breast,
With a thousand pound at least:
I ask no more.
A well born and a pleasing Dame,
Full of beauty void of shame;
Let her have store
Of wealth, discretion, and good fame;
And able to appease my flame.
I ask no more.
Yet one thing more doe not forget,
Afore that I do doe this feat,
Forgot before;
That she a Virgin be, and neat,
Of whom two Sons I may beget;
I ask no more.
Let them be Barons, and impart

To each a Million for his part;
I thee implore,
That when I long life have led,
I may have heaven when I am dead:
I ask no more.

A Dialogue between Icarus, *and surprized* Phillida.

Phil. Prette Sweet-one look on me,
Faine I would thy captive be,
Bound by thee in *Liberty*.

Icar. Be not so unkindly wise,
For your looks will bribe my eyes,
To divulge where my heart lyes.

Phil. If they doe, thou need'st not feare,
By my innocence I sweare,
I'll but place another there.

Icar. That's my feare, I dare not prove,
Nor my resolution move,
'Cause I know you are in love.

Phil. Lov'd *Icarus*, and if I be,
I know it cannot injure thee:
Love and beauty will agree.

Iear. Oh you doe my hearing wrongs,
I have turn'd my eyes thus long
To be captiv'd by your tongue.

Phil. Then my houres are happy spent,
If my tongue give such content,
It shall be thy *Instrument*.

Iear. But be sure you use it then,
Thus unto no other men,
Left that I grow deaf agen.

Fidelius *and his silent Mris.* Flora.

Fid. My dearest *Flora* can you love me?
Flo. Prethee prove me.
Fid. Shall I have your hand to kisse?
Flo. Yes, yes.
Fid. On this whiteneſſe let me sweare,
Flo. No, pray forbeare.
Fid. I love you dearer then mine eyes.
Flo. Be wise.
Fid. I prize no happineſſe like you.
Flo. Will you be true?
Fid. As is the Turtle to her Mate.
Flo. I hate.
Fid. Who my divineſt *Flora*, me?
Flo. No flattery.

Fid. He that flatters, may he dye.
Flo. Perpetually.
Fid. And his black urne be the cell,
Flo. Where Furies dwell.
Fid. May his name be blasphemous,
Flo. To us.
Fid. His memory for ever rot;
Flo. And be forgot.
Fid. Left it keep our age and youth,
Flo. From love and truth.
Fid. Thus upon your Virgin hand,
Flo. Your vows shall stand.
Fid. This kisse confirmes my act and deed.
Flo. You may exceed.
Fid. Your hand, your lip, I'll vow on both;
Flo. A dangerous Oath.
Fid. My resolution ne'r shall start;
Flo. You have my heart.

Fears and Resolves of two Lovers.

A. What wouldst thou wish? tell me dear lover,
I. How I might but thy thoughes discover.
A. If my firme love I were denying,
Tell me, with sighes wouldst thou be dying?
I. Those words in jest to hear thee speaking,
For very grief, this heart is breaking.
A. Yet wouldst thou change? I prethee tell me,

In seeing one that doth excell me?
I. O no, for how can I aspire,
To more then to my own desire?
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I doe swear't, you'l not believe me.
A. Imagine that thou dost not love me;
But some beauty that's above me.
I. To such a thing Sweet doe not will me;
The naming of the same will kill me.
A. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares:
I. I doe forgive, witnesse these teares.

A *Sonnet.*

Who can define, this all things, nothing love,
Which hath so much of every thing in it?
Which watry, with the Planets oft doth move,
And with the Zoane it hath a fiery fit;
Oft seizes men, like massy stupid earth,
And with the Aire, it filleth every place;
Which had no Midwife, nor I think no birth,
No shrine, no arrows, but a womans face.
A God he is not, for he is unjust;
A Boy he is not, for he hath more power;
A Faction 'tis not, all will yeeld I trust;
What is it then, that is so sweetly sower?
No law so wise, that can his absence prove?
But (ah) I know there is a thing call'd Love.

x *A Love-sick-sonnet.*

Love is a Sickneſſe full of woes,
All remedies refuſing:
A plant that with moſt cutting grows,
Moſt barren with beſt uſing.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the minde,
A tempeſt everlaſting;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cryes
Hey ho!

A Queſtion.

Fain would I learn of men the reaſon why
They ſwear they dye for love, yet lowly ly?
Or why they fondly dote on, and admire
A painted face, or a fantaſtick tyre.
For while ſuch Idols they fall down before,

x Spinnel Daniel.

They prove more fools then thoſe they thus a-
(dore.

Anſwer.

The reaſon why men loving lowly ly;
Is hope to gaine their purpoſes therby.
And that they fondly dote on paint and tires;
'Tis juſt in love, to ſhew mens fond deſires.
And for the reſt, this have I heard from Schools
That love, makes fooliſh wiſe, & wiſe men fools.

Sighs.

All night I muſe, all day I cry,
ay me.
Yet ſtill I wiſh, tho ſtill deny.
ay me.
I ſigh, I mourn, and ſay that ſtill,
I onely live my joyes to kill.
ay me.
I feed the pain that on me feeds,
ay me.
My wound I ſtop not, though it bleeds;
ay me.
Heart be content, it muſt be ſo,
For ſprings were made to overflow.
ay me.
Then ſigh and weep, and mourn thy fill,

ay

ay me.
Seek no redreſſe, but languiſh ſtill,
ay me.
Their griefs more willing they endure,
That know when they are paſt recure.
ay me.

To Celia weeping.

Faireſt, when thine eyes did poure
A chryſtall ſhower;
I was perſwaded, that ſome ſtone
Had liquid grown;
And thus amazed; ſure thought I
When ſtones are moiſt, ſome rain is nigh.

Why weep'ſt thou? cauſe thou cannot be
More hard to me?
So Lioneſſes pitty, ſo
Doe Tygres too;
So doth that Bird, which when ſhe's fed
On all the man, pines o'er the Head.

Yet I'le make better omens till
Event begulle;
Thoſe pearly drops, in time ſhall be
A precious Sea;
And thou ſhalt like thy Corall prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

An Hymne to Love.

I will confesse
With cheerfullnesse,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day;
I'le kisse the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry,
It(ah!)too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'le be
In fetters free;
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for paine;
I'le entertaine
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine
And Cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more

Ile come before
Thee and thine Altars empty.

Loves Diſcoverys.

With much of paine, and all the Art I knew,
Have I endeavor'd hitherto
To hide my love; and yet all will not doe.

The world perceives it, and it may be, ſhe;
Though ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft ſo cunning growne,
That ſomething like it they have ſhowne,
But none that had it ever ſeem'd t'have none.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it cauſe it ſelf is blind.

The very eye betrayes our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelfe left there a part,
When through it he paſt into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like drunkenneſſe into the tongue 'twill get.

Heart-

Heart-breaking.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
In vaine it something would have spoke:
The love within too strong for't was
Like poyson put into a Venice Glasse.

I thought that this some Remedy might prove,
But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart:
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,
And into severall Quarters get;
Each Troop does spoyle and ruine more
Then all joyn'd in one body did before.

How many loves reigne in my bosome now?
How many loves, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evill fate
My Monarch Love into a Tyrant State.

A Tear sent his Mistresse.

Glide gentle streams, and bear
Along with you my tear
To that coy Girle;
Who smiles, yet slayes
Me with delayes;
And strings my tears as Pearle.

See! see she's yonder set,
Making a Carkanet
Of mayden-flowers!
There, there present
This Orient,
And pendant Pearl of ours.

Then say, I've sent one more
Jem, to enrich her store;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the springs once dry;
But I'le devise,

(Among the reſt)
A way that's beſt
How I may ſave mine eyes.

Yet ſay, ſho'd ſhe condemn
Me to ſurrender them;
Then ſay; my part
Muſt be to weep
Out them; to keep
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say too, ſhe wo'd have this;
She ſhall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To ſend, or ſave;
I'm ſure ſhe'll ask no more.

A Song.

To thy lover
Deer, diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhameth
(When thoſe Roſes
It diſcloſes)
All the flowers that Nature nameth

In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire;

That

x Richard Crashaw.

That no more Summers best dresses,
Be beholden
For their Golden
Locks to *Phœbus* flaming Tresses.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrowes,
Where *Apollo*
Cannot follow:
Feathered with his Mothers Sparrowes.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Those deer lips whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and sister Roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee,

Might

Might a word once flye from out thee;
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if natures
Common Creatures,
So deer glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving lingring sorrow.

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet Aires that often slew me;
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

The Cruell Maid.

And cruell maid, because I see
You scornfull of my love, and me:
Ile trouble you no more; but goe
My way, where you shall never know
What is become of me: there I
Will find me out a path to dye;

Or learn ſome way how to forget
You, and your name, for ever: yet
Ere I goe hence, know this from me,
What will, in time, your fortune be:
This to your coyneſſe I will tell;
And having ſpoke it once, Farewell.
The Lilly will not long endure;
Nor the Snow continue pure:
The Roſe, the Violet, one day
See, both theſe Lady-flowers decay:
And you muſt fade, as well as they.
And it may chance that love may turn,
And (like to mine) make your heart burn.
And weep to ſee't; yet this thing doe,
That my laſt vow commends to you:
When you ſhall ſee that I am dead,
For pitty let a tear be ſhed;
And (with your Mantle o're me caſt)
Give my cold lips a kiſſe at laſt:
If twice you kiſſe, you need not feare,
That I ſhall ſtir, or live more here.
Next hollow out a Tomb to cover
Me; me, the moſt deſpiſed Lover;
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*
Love kill'd this man. No more but ſo.

Silence,

Silence.

No; to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched Heart, swell till you break!
She cannot love me if she would;
And to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No, to the Grave thy sorrows beare,
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortall wound doth give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltlesse of it live.
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance Medley, and no murther be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By 'her beauty, not her Anger dye;
This will look justly, and become
An Execution, that a Martyrdome.
The censuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by thunder slain.
She must be angry sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being hers, happier then she;
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, then her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear,

When, found in every other part,
Her ſacrifice is found without an Heart;
For the laſt tempeſt of my death
Shall ſigh out that too, with my breath.

His Miſery.

Water, water I aſpie:
Come, and coole ye; all who fry
In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thouſand ſhowers be
Still a falling, yet I ſee
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have eaſe
For to quench ye, or ſome eaſe
From your kinder Miſtreſſes.

I have one, and ſhe alone
Of a thouſand thouſand known,
Dead to all compaſſion.

Such an one, as will repeat
Both the cauſe, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I deſpaire
Of my cure, doe you beware
Of thoſe Girles, which cruell are.

The Call.

Marina, stay;
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No Enemy
Pursues thee (foolish Girle) 'tis onely I,
Ile keep off harmes,
If thou'l be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;
What dost thou feare
Ile turn a Traytour? may these Roses here
To paleness shred,
And Lillies stand disguised in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay;
See, see the Sun
Doth slowly to his azure lodging run;
Come sit but here,
And presently hee'l quit our Hemisphere;
So still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them, that have love Martyrs been;
Here on this plaine
Wee'l talke *Narcissus* to a flower again;
Come here and chose
On which of these proud plats thou would
Here mayst thou shame

The ruſty Violets, with the Crimſon flame,
Of either cheek;
And Primroſes white as thy fingers ſeek;
Nay, thou mayſt prove
That mans moſt noble paſſion, is to love.

A Check to her delay.

Come come away,
Or let me goe;
Muſt I here ſtay,
Becauſe y'are ſlow;
And will continue ſo?
Troth Lady, no.

I ſcorne to be
A ſlave to ſtate;
And ſince I'm free
I will not wait,
Henceforth at ſuch a rate,
For needy fate.

If you deſire
My ſpark ſho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You muſt blow;
Or I ſhall quickly grow
To froſt or ſnow.

The Lure.

Farewell, nay prethee turn again,
Rather then loose thee, Ile arraign
My self before thee; thou (most faire) shall be
Thy self the Judge;
Ile never grudge
A law, ordain'd by thee.

Pray doe but see, how every Rose
A sanguine visage doth disclose,
O see, what Aromatick gusts they breath;
Come here wele sit,
And learn to knit,
Them up into a wreath.

With that wreath, crowned shalt thou be;
Not grac't by it, but it thee;
Then shall the fawning Zephirs wait to hear
What thou shalt say,
And softly play,
While Newes to me they bear.

Come prethee come, wee'l now allay
To piece the scantnesse of the day;
Wee'l pluck the wheels from th'chariy of the Sun
That he, may give
Us time to live;
Till that our Scene be done.

Wee'l suffer viperous thoughts, and cares,
To follow after silver haires;
Let's not anticipate them long before;
When they begin,
To enter in,
Each minute they'l grow more.

No, no, *Marina*, see this brook
How't would its posting course revoke,
Ere it shall in the Ocean mingled lie,
And what I pray,
May cause this stay;
But to attest our joy?

Far be't from lust; such wild fire, ne're
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;
Diviner flames shall in our fancies roule,
Which not depresse
To earthlinesse,
But elevate the soule.

Then shall a grandiz'd love, confesse,
That soules can mingle substances;
That hearts can easily counter-changed be,
Or at the least,
Can alter breasts,
When breasts themselves agree.

To Julia.

'Tis Ev'ning my ſweet,
And dark; let us meet;
Long time w'have here been a toying:
And never as yet,
That ſeaſon co'd get,
Wherein t'have had an enjoying.

For pitty or ſhame,
Then let not loves flame,
Be ever and ever a ſpending;
Since now to the Port
The path is but ſhort;
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away faſt;
Our howers doe waſt;
The while we never remember,
How ſoon our life, here,
Grows old with the yeere,
That dyes with the next *December*.

Of Beauty.

What doe I hate, what's Beauty? laſſe
How doth it paſſe?
As flowers, aſſoon as ſmelled at
Evaporate,

Even

Even so this shadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

What's colour? 'las the sullen Night
Can it affright;
A Rose can more Vermilion speak,
Then any cheek;
A richer white on Lillies stands,
Then any hands.

Then what's the worth, when any flower
Is worth far more?
How constant's that which needs must dye
When day doth flye?
Glow-worms, can lend some petty light,
To gloomy night.

And what's proportion? we discry
That in a fly;
And what's a lip? 'tis in the test
Red clay at best.
And what's an Eye? an Eglets are
More strong by farre.

Who can that specious nothing heed,
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kisses lay
On painted clay?

Who would not if eyes affection move
Young Eglets love?

Is beauty thus? then who would lye
Love-sick and dye?
And's wretched selfe annihilate
For knows not what?
And with such sweat and care invade
A very shade?

Even he that knows not to possesse
True happinesse,
But has some strong desires to try
What's misery,
And longs for tears, oh he will prove
One fit for love.

Farewell to Love.

Well-shadow'd Landship, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At least so well
As he, that now hates more
Then e're he lov'd before.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer must you me deceive,
Since I perceive

All

All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a Market place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A Gelly up do's ſnatch.

So our dull ſoules taſting delight
Far off, by ſence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And reall good; when yet
'Tis but the counterfeit.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new diſcovery?
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I increaſe that ſcore.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper-skin,
The gazers joy and ſin.

A quick Coarſe me-thinks I ſpy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

They mortifie, not heighen me:
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be:
And here I ſee,
How I have lov'd before,
And ſo I love no-more.

To a proud Lady.

Is it birth puffs up thy mind?
Women beſt born are beſt inclin'd.
Is it thy breeding? No, I ly'de;
Women well bred are foes to pride.
Is it thy beauty, fooliſh thing?
Lay by thy cloths, there's no ſuch thing?
Is it thy vertue? that's deny'd,
Vertue's an oppoſite to pride.
Nay, then walk on, I'll ſay no more,
Who made thee proud, can make thee poore.
The Devill onely hath the skill
To draw fair fools to this foule ill.

On Women.

Find me an end out in a Ring,
Turn a ſtream backwards to its ſpring,
Recover minutes paſt and gone,
Undoe what is already done,
Make Heaven ſtand ſtill, make mountaines fly,
And teach a woman conſtancy.

An Apologetique Song.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools, or Tyrants, with your friends,
To make us ſtill ſing o're and o're,
Our own falſe praiſes, for your ends.
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we muſt, let's ſing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If we would ſearch with care and pain,
Find ſome one good, in ſome one man;
So going thorough all your ſtrain,
Wee ſhall at laſt of parcells make
One good enough for a Song ſake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious piece you ſee,
More pleaſure while the thing he makes,

Then

Then when 'tis made; why, so will we.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by

Canto.

Like to a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Horse was never ridden,
Or a Feast and no Guest bidden,
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Rose if no man pluck it:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, not loves, but dies a maid.

The Ring if worn, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,
The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
The Feast doth please, if Guest be bidden,
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Rose when pluck'd, is still most worth:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a Stock not graffed on,
Or like a Lute not playd upon,
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Bark without a fraight,

Like

Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, not loves, but dies a maid.

The graffed Stock doth bear best fruite,
There's Musick in the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make the Jack goe ready,
The fraight doth make the Bark goe steady,
The Key the Lock doth open right,
A Candle's usefull in the night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dyes.

Like a Call without a Non-sir,
Or a Question without an Answer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd;
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing not long preserv'd.
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, not loves, but dies a maid.

The Non-sir doth obey the Call,
The Question Answer'd pleaseth all,
Who rigs a Ship sailes with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth treasure find,
The Wound by wholsome Tent hath ease,

e Rose perfum'd the senses please:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries ere she dies.

e Marrow-bone was never broken,
Commendation and no Token,
a Fort and none to win it,
like the Moon, and no man in it;
e a School without a Teacher,
like a Pulpit and no Preacher.
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
Token doth adorn the greet,
re's triumph in the Fort being won,
Man rides glorious in the Moon;
School is by the Teacher fill'd,
Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd.
uch is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

e a Cage without a Bird,
a thing too long deferr'd:
e the Gold was never try'd,
the ground unoccupi'd;
e a house that's not possessed
the Book was never pressed.

Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season prefers every thing,
The Gold that's try'd from drosse is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd,
The House is by possession graced;
The Book when prest, is then embraced.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

A Dissuasive from Women.

Come away, doe not pursue
A shadow that will follow you.
Women lighter then a feather,
Got and lost and altogether:
Such a creature may be thought,
Void of reason, a thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thine eyes
Gaze upon their fopperies,
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a subject known so well:
For whose folly at the first
Sin and death became accurst.

3.

Come away, thou canſt not find,
One of all that's faire and kind,
Brighter be ſhe then the day,
Sweeter then a morne in *May*;
Yet her heart and tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

4.

Come away, or if thou muſt
Stay a while: yet doe not truſt,
Nor her ſighs, nor what ſhe ſweares.
Say ſhe weep, ſuſpect her tears.
Though ſhe ſeem to melt with paſſion,
'Tis old deceipt, but in new faſhion.

5.

Come away, admit there be
A naturall neceſſity;
Doe not make thy ſelfe a ſlave
For that which ſhe deſires to have.
What ſhe will, or doe, or ſay,
Is meant the cleane contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part
Soon from her, affects thy heart,
Follow on thy ſports a while,
Laugh and kiſſe, and play a while;
Yet as thou lov'ſt me, truſt her not,
Leſt thou becom'ſt a —— I know not what.

An Answer to it.

1.

Stay, O stay, and still pursue,
Did not such happinesse adue;
Know'st thou what a woman is?
An Image of Celestiall bliss.
Such a one is thought to be
The neerest to Divinity.

2.

Stay, O stay, how can thine Eye
Feed on more felicity?
Or thy better Genius dwell
On subjects that doe this excell?
Had it not been for her at first,
Man and beast had liv'd accurst.

3.

Stay, O stay, has not there been
Of beauty, and of Love a Queen?
Does not sweetnesse claim a title
Worthy its onely shrine to thee?
And where will vertue chuse to ly,
If not in such a Treasury?

4.

Stay, O stay, wouldst thou live free?
Then seek a Nuptiall destiny:
'Tis not natures blisse alone,
(She gives) but Heavens, and that in one;

What she shall, or doe, or say,
Never from truth shall goe astray.

5.

Stay, O stay, let not thine heart
Afflicted be, unlesse to part
Soon from her. Sport, kisse and play
Whilst no howers enrich the day:
And if thou dost a Cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of love.

The Postscript.

Good Women are like Stars in darkest night,
Their vertuous actions shining as a light
To guide their ignorant sex, which oft times fall
And falling oft, turns Diabolicall.
Good Women sure are Angels on the earth,
Of these good Angels we have had a dearth:
And therefore all you men that have good wives,
Respect their Vertues equall with your lives.



The Description of Women.

Or like *Aurora* when with Pearle she sets,
Her long dischevel'd Rose-crown'd Trammelets:
Her forehead smooth, full, polish'd, bright and high,
Bears in it selfe a gracefull Majesty;
Under which, two crawling eye-brows twine
Like to the tendrills of a starr'ring Vine:
Under whose [illegible] two starry sparkling eyes
Are beautified with fair fring'd Canopies.
Her comely nose with uniformall grace,
Like parted wings, [illegible] the middle place,
Parting the [illegible] may well suppose,
Each cheek [illegible] and a damask Rose;
Which [illegible]
How [illegible]
Which [illegible] both white and red,
Like Rose-leaves [illegible] and red seem mingled.
Then [illegible] sets
Two smelling, [illegible] Cherry-lips;
The which [illegible] tip'd,
Doe speak a [illegible] lip'd.
Over the which a [illegible] is drawne,
Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne.
These be the Ruby-portalls and divine,
Which ope themselves, to [illegible] holy shrine,
Whose breath is [illegible] that to the sense
Smells like the [illegible]
In which the tongue, though [illegible]
Stands guarded with a Rose-hilly wall.

And her white teeth, which in the gums are set
Like Pearle and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty vie
For his white plump, and much preferring eye.
As whose faire use, to please the sight these drawes
The fairest image of a blushing rose;
Mov'd by the chin, whose motion calleth this,
That both her lips doe part, doe meet, doe kisse.
Her ears, which like two Labyrinths are plac'd
On either side, with which rare Jewels grac'd.
Moving a question whether that be them
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
But the foundation of the Architect,
Is the Swan-fashion, faire, white breast of neck,
Which with ambitious hill-like state doth under
Bearing aloft this rich round world of wonder.
Her breast a place for beauties throne to sit,
Rears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sit;
Which headed with two rich round Rubies, show
Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow.
And in the milky valley that's between,
Sits *Cupid* killing of his mother Queen.
Then comes the belly, seated next below,
Like a faire mountain in *Riphean* snow:
Where Nature in a whiteness without spot,
Hath in the middle cide a Gordian knot.
Now love invites me to survey her thighes,
Swelling in likenesse like two Crystall skies;

Which to the knees by nature fashion'd on,
Derive their even well-grac'd motion.
Her legs with two clear Calves, like silver try'd,
Kindly fill up with little pretty pride;
Leaving a distance for the comely small,
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.
Then lovely, yet most lovely stand the feet,
Round, short and clear, like pounded Spices sweet,
And whatsoever thing they tread upon,
They make it fume like broiled Cynamon.
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,
To season Tables of pure Ivory:
From which two arms like branches seem to (spread
With tender vein'd, and silver coloured,
With little hands, and fingers long and small,
To grace about a Veall, Virginall.
In length each finger doth his next excell,
Each richly headed with a pearly shell.
Thus every part, in contrariety
Meet in the whole, and make an harmony:
As divers strings one singly disagree,
But form'd by number make sweet melodie.

Her ſuppoſed ſervant, deſcribed.

I would have him if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confeſſe, doe take me;
And a woman God did make me,
French to boot, at leaſt in fashion,
And his manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him too, and faire,
For a man; with criſped haire
Curl'd in a thouſand ſnares, and rings
For loves fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Mars, and *Minerva's* eyes,
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.

Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
Front, an ample field of ſnow;
Even noſe, and cheek (withall)
Smooth as is the Billard Ball;
Chin, as wholly as the Peach;
And his lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And make love or me afeard.

He should have a hand as soft
As the Downe, and shew it so;
Skin as smooth as any ruth,
And so thin to see a bluth
Rising through it e're it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In Loves School, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all
What we harmony doe call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his cloaths to wear;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Dresse, you still for man should take him;
And not think h'had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receive;

Nor

For tye knots, nun knots unweave;
And from baleneſſe to be free,
So he durſt love truth and me.

Such a man with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

Another Ladies exception.

For his minde, I doe not care,
That's a toy that I could ſpare;
Let his Title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band ſit neat,
Himſelf young, and face be good,
All I with 'tis underſtood.
What you pleaſe, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withall.

Abroad with the Maids.

Come ſit we under yonder Tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'l be,
And as on Primroſes we ſit,
We'l venture (if we can) to wit:
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play;
So ſpend ſome Minutes of the day;
Or elſe ſpin out the thred of ſands,
Playing at Queſtions and Commands:

Or

Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talk; but tell
No cruell truths of *Philomell*,
Or *Phillis*, whom hard Fate fore't on,
To kill her selfe for *Demophon*.
But Fables we'l relate; how *Jove*
Put on all shapes to get a Love;
As now a Satyr, then a Swan;
A Bull but then; and now a Man.
Next we will act how young men woe;
And sigh, and kisse, as Lovers doe,
And talk of Brides; and who shall make
That wedding smock, this Bridal-Cake;
That dresse, this sprig, that leafe, this vine;
That smooth and silken Columbine.
This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy
And guild the Bayes, and Rosemary:
What Posies, for our wedding Rings;
What Gloves we'l give and Ribonings:
And smiling at our selves, decree,
Who then the joyning Priest shall be.
What short sweet Prayers shall be said;
And how the Posset shall be made
With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
And Maidens-blush, for spiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
A kisse to each, and so we'l end.



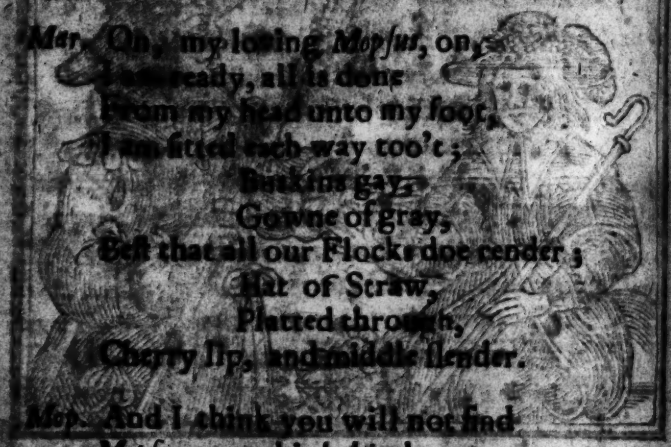
The Shepheards Holy-day.

Mopso *and* Marina.

Mop. Coame *Marina* let's away,
For both Bride, and Bridegroom stay:
Fie for shame, are Swains so long
Pinning of their Head-gear on?

Prethee

Prethee see,
Where but we
Amongst the Swaines are left unready:
Fie, make haste,
Bride is paste,
Follow me, and I will lead thee.



Mar. On, my loving *Mopsus*, on,
I am ready, all is done
From my head unto my foot,
I am fitted each way too't;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Best that all our Flocks doe tender;
Hat of Straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle slender.

Mop. And I think you will not find
Mopsus any whit behind,
For he loves as well to goe,
As most part of Shepheards doe.
Cap of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
With the legge I won at dancing,
And a pumpe,
Fie to jumpe,
When we Shepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a store
Will be well provided for.
For I hear there will be there
Liveliest Swaines within the Shire.
Jetting *Gill*,
Jumping *Will*;
O'r the floore will have their measure:
Kit and *Kate*
There will wake,
Tib and *Tom* will take their pleasure.

Mar. But I feare;

Mop. What dost thou feare?

Mar. *Crowd* the Fiddler is not there,
And my mind delights in
With no stroke so much as that.

Mop. If not there
There will be
Drone the Piper, that will
Mar. But if *Crowd*
Lord me thinke how I could bounce it.

Mop. Bounce it *Mall* I hope thou will,
For I know thou hast
And I am sure, thou there shalt find
Measures store to please thy mind.

Roun-

Rhymes-plays.

Canzonets, and Roundelays,
Sonnetto,
The Venetro,
Follow come kiss me, Wilson's fancy.

Mar. But of all there's none so sprightly
To run over me *lightly*;
Not the smooth Shepheards love,
Being that which most doth move;
There, there, there,
To a haire;
O *Tom Crosse*, me thinks I hear thee,
Young nor old,
Nere should hold,
But must leak if they come near thee.

Map. Blush *Martin* for shame,
Blemish not a Shepheards name;
Mar. *Map son*, why, is such a matter,
Worth to shew their yielding nature?
O what men,
Are you,
That will bear your selves so forward,
When you find
Us inclin'd
To your bed and board so toward?

Map.

True indeed, the fault is ours;
Though we term it oft above yours.

Mar. What would Shepheards have us doe,
But to yeeld when they doe woe?
And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with their riches.

Mop. Yet we know
Oft times too
You'l not stick to wear the breeches.

Mar. Fools they'l deem them, that do hear them,
Say their wives are wont to wear them:
For I know, there's none has sense,
Can endure or suffer it;
But if they
Have no stay,
Nor discretion (as 'tis common)
Then they must
First the fury
As is fitting, to the Woman.

Mop. All too long
Have we stood upon this Theam:
Let each Lad
Love her Swain,
Honour'd be,

In

In our mating, in our meeting,
While we stand
Hand in hand,
Honest Swearing, with his Sweering.

Alvar and Antea.

Come *Antea* let us two
Go to Feast, as others do.
Tarts and Custards, Cream and Cakes,
Are the junkets still at Wakes:
Whereas the Bachanalls Tribes resort,
Where the Bacchanalls is the sport:
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pageantrie,
But a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties
Players there will be, and those
Who do act in clothes and shows,
Yet with Drums that will please
Near the dying of the day
There will be a Cudgel play,
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke,
But the sport of all shall be
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.

Happ

nl

Happy Ruſticks, beſt content
With the cheapeſt Merriment:
And poſſeſſe no other fear,
Then to want the Wake next year.



The Wake.

Come, and whither ſhall we goe?
To the Wake, I trow:
'Tis the Village Lord Maiors ſhow.
Oh! to meet I will not faile,
For my pallate is in hall,
Till I ſip againe and taſt
Of the Nut-browne Laſſe and Ale.

Feele how my Temples ake
For the Lady of the Wake;
Her lips are as ſoft as a Medler
With her poſies and her points,
And the Ribbons on her joynts,
The device of the fields and the Pedler.

Enter

Enter Maurice-Dancer.



With a noyse and a Din,
Comes the Maurice-Dancer in:
With a fine linnen shirt, but a Buckram skin.
Oh! he treads out such a Peale
From his paire of legs of Veale,
The Quarters are Idols to him.
Nor doe those Knaves environ
Their Toes with so much Iron,
'Twill ruine a Smith to shooe him.
I, and then he flings about,
His sweat and his clout,
The wiser think it two Ells:
While the Yeomen find it meet,
That he jangle at his feet,
The Fore-horses right Eare Jewels.

Enter

Enter Fidler.



But before all be done,
With a Chriſtopher ſtrong,
Comes Muſick none, though Fidler one,
While the Owle and his Grandchild,
With a face like a Mandrild,
Amaz'd in their Neſt,
Awake from the Reſt,
And ſeek out an Oak to laugh in.
Such a diſmall chance,
Makes the Church-yard dance,
When the Screech Owle guts ſtring a Coffin.
When a Fidlers coarſe,
Catches cold and growes hoarſe,
Oh ye never heard a ſadder,
When a Rattle-headed Cutter,
Makes his will before Supper,
To the Tune of the Nooze and the Ladder.

Enter the Taberer.



I, but all will not doe,
Without a paffe or two,
From him that pipes and Tabers the Tattoo.
He's a man that can tell 'em,
Such a Jigge from the yellam,
With his Whiffle & his Club,
And his brac't baffe Tub,
That I think there ne're came before ye,
Though the Mother lodged in't,
Or in Manuscript of prime,
Such a pickfull parchment fiery,
He that hammers like a Tinker,
Kettle Muſick is a flinker,
Our Taberer bids him beare it,
Though he thwath till he ſweate,
And out the bottome beate
Of his two Doſſer Drums to the Market.

Enter

Enter the Bagpiper.



Bag-piper good luck on you,
Th'art a man for my money;
Him the Muses love better than money.
How he tickles up his quill,
With his bladder and his quill;
How he swells till he blisters,
While he gives his mouth a Glister,
Nor yet does his Physick release him;
His chops [illegible] carry,
For a try'd Apothecary.
But the Harper comes in to relieve him,
Whose Musick took its fountaine,
From the Bogge or the Mountaine,
For heaven was never boorded.
[illegible]
On the very [illegible]
May he flinck from a Trouble-bed coarded.

Cock-fighting.



Cock-a-doodle-doo, 'tis the bravest game,
Take a Cock from his Dame,
And bind him to
How he fights
How he swaggers
As if the day
How his Mi
Thus to find him in
And ty'd to a Pack-thread Cutter;
Oh the Bears and the Bulls
Are but Corpulent Gulls
To the valiant Shrove-tide

Let no Poet Critick
Now tax me for a
For ere I have done,
Pl
The Brazen Head
More Logick then the Colledge
Quick-silver Heads
But Dunces Heads

A Quirrifters Head is made of aire,
A Head of wax becomes a Player,
So pliant 'tis to any shape,
A King, a Clowne, but still an Ape.

A melancholy head is wash
That thought it selfe a Venice glasse;
But when I see a drunken sot,
Methinks his Head's a Chamberpot.

A Poets Head is made of March,
Burnt Sack is apt to make it catch;
Well may he grie[illegible] his houshold bread,
That hath a Windmill in his Head.

There is the tongue of ignorance,
That hates the time it cannot dance;
Shew him dear wit in Verse or Prose,
It reeks like Brimstone in his nose;
But when his Granhams will is read,
O dear! (quoth he) and shakes his head.
French heads taught ours the graceful shake,
They learn'd it in the last Earth-quake.

The gentle head makes mouths in Glasse,
As the Mechanick beaver pass.
The empty head of meer Esquire,
Scorns wit, as born a tide higher.

In Capite he holds his lands,
His wisdome in Fee-simple stands,
Which he may call for, and be sped,
Out of the Footmans running head.

The Saracens, not Gorgons head,
Can look old ten in th'hundred dead
But deaths head on his fingers ends,
Afflicts him more then twenty fiends
An *Oxford* Cook that is well read,
Knows how to dresse a Criticks head.
Take out the brains, and [redacted] the noats,
O rare Calves-head for Presbyters throats.

Prometheus would be puzled,
To make a new Projectors head:
He hath such subtile turns and nooks,
Such turn-pegs, mazes, tenter-hooks:
A trap-door here, and there a vault,
Should you goe in, you'ld sure be caught;
This head, if e'r the headsman lick,
He'll spoile the subtile politick.

Six heads there are will ne'r be seen,
The first a Maids pate twice fifteen:
The next is of an Unicorne,
Which when I see, I'll crush his horne;
A Beggars in a beaver; and

Gyant in a Pigmies head,
A Coward in a Ladies lap,
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The plurall head of multitude,
Will make good hodg-podge when 'tis stude:
Now I have done my honest *Ned*,
And brought my matter to a Head.

Interrogative Cantilena.

If all the world were Paper,
And all the Sea were Inke;
If all the Trees were bread and cheese,
How should we doe for drinke?

If all the World were sand'o,
Oh then what should we lack'o;
If as they say there were no clay,
How should we take Tobacco?

If all our vessels ran'a,
If none but had a crack'a;
If Spanish Apes eat all the Grapes,
How should we doe for Sack'a?

If Fryers had no bald pates,
Nor Nuns had no dark Cloysters,

If all the Seas were Beans and Peafe,
How ſhould we doe for Oyſters?

If there had been no projects,
Nor none that did great wrongs;
If Fiddlers ſhall turne Players all,
How ſhould we doe for ſongs?

If all things were eternall,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this ſhould be, then how ſhould we,
Here make an end of ſinging?

The ſeven Planets.

♄ ♃ ♂ ☉ ♀ ☿ ☽

SATURNE diſeas'd with age, and left for dead
Chang'd all his gold, to be in iuvoly'd in Lead.

IOVE, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his range
From whom, man learns to love, and loves to change.

IUNO checks *Jove*, that he to earth ſhould come
Having her ſelfe to ſport withall at home.

MARS is diſarmed, and is to *Venus* gon,
Where *Vulcans* Anvill muſt be ſtruck upon.

fens, yet 'cause he may not be allow'd,
by he fees, he hides him in a cloud.

NUS tells *Vulcan*, how shall shooe her Steed,
for he is of that hits the nails o'th head.

the Aery-nuntius fly MERCURIUS,
s join from Heaven to *Caledonicus*.

UNA is deemed chast, yet shee's a Gamer,
Mosse the man that she receives within her;
n that she's born'd it cannot well be found,
since I ne'r heard that she was married.

The Signes of the Zodiack.

to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Venus* came,
contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the same:
the place, the game that both did please,
Vulcan found the Sun in ARIES.

TAURUS, as it hath been alledg'd by some,
from *Neck* and *Throat* to roare at *Rome*,
now the *Bull* is growne to such a rate,
price has brought the *Bull* quite out of date.

CAN-

CANCER the backward Crab is figur'd here.
O'r stomack, breast, [illegible] sincere.
Eve on a rib was made, whence evenly know,
Women from Eve were Crab'd and backward go.

II.

VIRGO the Phœnix figure (as all can tell ye)
Has regiment o'r bowels, made't belly.
But now [illegible] could not her belly tame,
Belly has forc'd Virgo to lose her name.

III.

SCORPIO Serpent-like, most slily tenders,
What much [illegible] man, his privy members:
Which mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give eare unto
That secret-member-patron *Scorpio*.

IV.

The goatish CAPRICORNE that us'd to prey
'Mongst naked Heathen maidens, now's fate on's
Where creft-fain too (poor Snake) he lies as low
As those on whom he did his horns bestow.

V.

With arm in arm the GEMINI enwreach,
Their individuate parts in life and death.

arms and shoulders swag, & may I have
two such friends to bear me to my grave.

♌

LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,
Imperiously retires to's See of Ancre:
A See, and yet no Levant-sea, for then
It were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan*.

♎

LIBRA the reins, which we may fitly call
A signe which Tradesmen have the worst of all;
For she implies even weights, but doe not look
To find this signe in every Grocers book.

♐

If thou wouldst please the lasse that thou dost mar-
The signe must ever be in SAGITTARY:
Which rules the thighs, an influence more common
Amongst Marmosites & Monkies, then some women.

♒

AQUARIUS (as I informed am)
Kept *Puddle-wharfe*, and was a Waterman,
But being one too honest for that kind,
He row'd to Heaven, and left those knaves behind.

PISCIS

PISCIS the fish is said to rule the feet, (swe
And socks with all that keep the feet from
One that purveyes provision enough,
Of *Ling*, *Poore-John*, and other lenten stuffe.

Hymne to Bacchus.

I sing thy praise *Bacchus*,
Who with thy *Thyrse* doth thwack us:
And yet thou so doth black us

With boldnesse that we feare
No *Brutus* entring here;
Nor *Cato* the severe.

What though the *Critics* threat us,
We know they dare not beat us;
So long as thou dost heat us.

When we thy *Orgies* sing,
Each Cobler is a King;
Nor dreads he any thing.

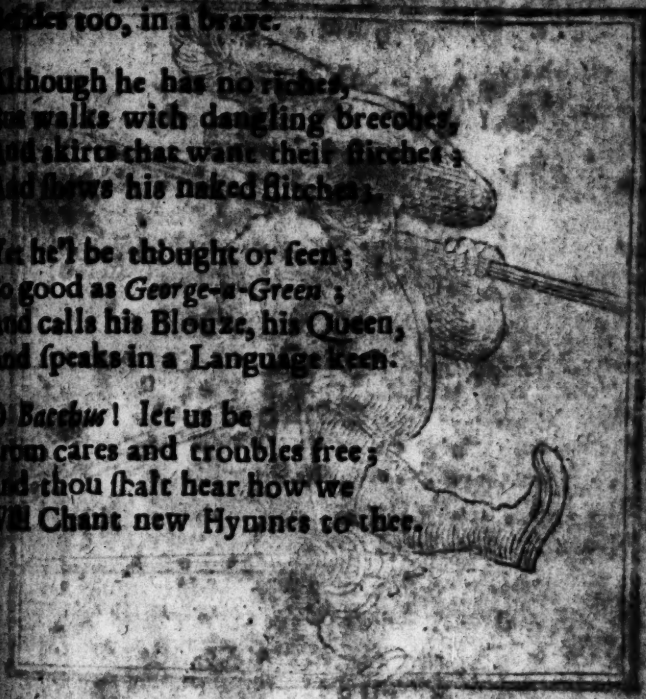
And though he doth not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have

To call my Lord Major knave;
Besides too, in a brave.

Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their stitches;
And shews his naked stitches.

Yet he'l be thought or seen;
So good as *George-a-Green*;
And calls his Blouze, his Queen,
And speaks in a Language keen.

O *Bacchus*! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt hear how we
Will Chant new Hymnes to thee.



The



The Welſhmans praiſe of Wales.

I'm not come here to tauke of *Prut*,
From whence the *Welſh* dos take hur root;
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Cambers*,
Whoſe linage would fill full a Chamber,

Nor ſing the deeds of ould Saint Dauie,
The Urſip of which would fill a Navie.
But hark you me now, for a liddell tales
Sall make a gread deal to the creddit of *Wales*.
For her will eudge your eares,
With the praiſe of hor thirteen Seers;
And make you as glad and merry,
As fouteen pot of Perry.

'Tis true, was wear him Sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have ſtore of feize;
And Got is plenty of Coats milk
That ſell him well will buy him ſilk
Inough, to make him fine to quarrell
At *Herford* Sizes in new apparrell;
And get him as much green Melmet perhap,
Sall give it a face to his Monouth Cap.
But then the ore of *Lemſter*;
Py Cot is uver a Sempſter;
That when he is ſpun, or did
Yet match him with hir thrid.

Anll this the backs now, let us tell yee,
Of ſome proviſions for the belly:
As Cid and Goat, and great Goats Mother,
And Runt, and Cow, and good Cows uther.
And once but taſt on the Welſe Mutton;
Your *Engliſ* Seeps not worth a button.

And then for your Fisse, shall choose it your disse,
Look but about, and there is a Trout,
A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you six or seven,
As taull man as ever swagger
With *Welse* Club, and long Dagger.

But all this while, was never think
A word in praise of our *Welse* drink:
Yet for aull that, is a Cup of *Bragat*,
Aull *England* Seer may caft his Cap at.
And what you say to Ale of *Webley*,
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as *Metheglin*, or *Syder*, or *Meath*,
S'all fake it your dagger quite out o'the seath.
And Oat-Cake of *Guarthenion*,
With a goodly Leek or Onion,
To give as sweet a rellis
As e'r did Harper *Ellis*.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Musicks we doe misse;
Both Harps, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
Muft aull come in, and tauk aloud,
As lowd as *Bangor*, *Davies* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have here tell:
As well as our lowder *Wrexam* Organ,
And rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,

Where

Where look but in the ground there,
And you shall see a sound there;
That put her all to gedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.

Hur in Love.

A modest Shentle when hur see
The great laugh hur made on mee,
And fine wink that hur send
To hur come to see hur friend:
Her could not shose py Got above,
Put was entangle in hur love.
A hundred a time hur was about
To speak to hur, and lave hur out,
Put hur being a *Welshman* porne,
And therefore was think, hur woud hur scorne:
Was fear hur think, nothing petter,
Then cram hur love into a Letter;
Hoping he will no ceptions take
Unto her love, for Country sake:
For say hur be *Welshman*, whad ten?
Py Got they all be Shentlemen.
Was decend from *Shoves* nown line,
Par humane, and par divine;
And from *Venus*, that faire Goddess,
And twenty other Shentle poddys:

Hether bout, and comely *Parrie*,
Arthur, *Prute*, and King of *Fayrie*,
Was hur nown Cosins all a kin
We have the *Powells* thine in:
And for ought that hur con see,
As goot men, as other men pee:
But whoe of that? Love is a knave,
Was make hur doe whot he woud have;
Was compell hur write the Rime,
That ne'r was writ before the time
And if he will nod pity hur paine,
As Got fhudge hur foule, fall ne'r write againe:
For love is like an Ague-fit,
Was brin poor *Welfeman* out on hur wit:
Till by hur onfwer, hur doe know
Whether hur do love hur, ai or no.
Hur has not bin in *England* lung,
And conna fpeak the Englis tongue:
Put hur is hur friend, and fo hur will prove,
Pray a fend hur word, if hur con love.

Of



Of Melancholy.

When I goe musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-knowne,
When I build Castles in the aire,
Void of sorrow and void of feare,

Pleasing my selfe with phantasmes sweet,
Me thinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I lye waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or goe,
Me thinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so sad as melancholy.

When to my selfe I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures doe me bless,
And crown my soul with happinesse.
All my joyes besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lye, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once,

Mine

Mine heavy heart and soul encobce,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so soure as melancholy.

Me thinks I hear, me thinks I see,
Sweet Musick, wondrous melody,
Towns, places and Cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
Rare Beauties, gallant Ladies shine,
What e're is lovely or divine,
All other joyes to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Me thinks I hear, me thinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headlesse bears, black-men and apes,
Dolefull outcries, and fearfull sights,
My sad and dismall soule affrights,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Me thinks I court, me thinks I kisse,
Me thinks I now embrace my Mistrisse.
O blessed dayes, O sweet content,
In Paradise my time is spent,
Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love.

All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

When I recount loves many frights,
My sighes and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate,
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torments is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soule can prove,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so harsh as Melancholy.

Friends and Companions get you gone,
'Tis my desire to be alone,
We're well but when my thoughts and I,
Doe domineer in privacy.
No Jem no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my Crowne, my blisse.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster growne,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joyes are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrowes come,

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so fierce as Melancholy.

Ile not change life with any King,
I ev'ther am: can the world bring
More joy, then still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant joyes time to beguile?
Doe not, O doe not trouble me,
So sweet content I feele and see.
All my joyes to this are jolly,
None so divine as Melancholy.

Ile change my state with any wretch,
Thou canst from gaole or dunghill fetch:
My pain's past cure, another Hell,
I may not in this torment dwell.
Now desperate I hate my life,
Lend me an halter or a knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so damn'd as Melancholy.



On the Letter O.

Run round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round O
That O which in the indigeſted Maſſe
Did frame it ſelfe, when nothing framed was.

...t when the worlds great matle it ſelfe did ſhow,
...largeneſſe, fairneſſe, roundneſſe a great ○,
...e Heavens, the Element, a box of ○'s,
...here ſtill the greater doth the leſſe incloſe.
...e imaginary center in ○'s made,
...hat ſpeck which in the world doth ſtand or fade.
...e Zodiack, Colours, and Equator line,
... Tropique and Meridian ○ did ſhine,
...e lines of bredth, and lines of longitude,
...mate from Climate, doth by ○ ſeclude.
...d in the ſtarry ſpangled ſky the ○
...kes us the day from night diſtinctly know.
...d by his motion, round as in a ring,
...ght to himſelfe, light to each ○ doth bring ;
...ach dayes journey, in his circle round,
...e framing of an ○ by ſenſe is found.
...Moon hath to the ○'s frame moſt affection ;
...t the Suns envy grudgeth ſuch pertection,
...r *Dian* hath each moneth, and every year,
...arned an ○'s frame in her front to bear,
...and to requite *Sols* envy with the like,
...With oft Eclipſes at his ○ doth ſtrike.
...our inferiour bodies there doth grow
...atter enough to ſhew the worth of ○.
...ur brains and heart, either in ○ doth lye,
...o that the neſt of ○'s the ſparkling eye.
...he ribs in meeting, faſhion an ○'s frame,
...he mouth and ear, the noſtrills bear the ſame.

The

The Latins honouring the chiefest parts,
Gloryed to make our O the heart of hearts;
Fronting it with three words of deepest sense,
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.
Oft have I seen a reverend dimmed eye,
By the help of O to read most legibly.
Each drop of rain that fals, each flower that grows
Each coyne that's currant doth resemble O's.
Into the water, if a stone we throw,
Mark how each circle joyns to make an O.
Cut but an Orange, you shall easily find,
Yellow with white and watery O's combin'd.
O doth preserve a trembling Conjurer,
Who from his Circle O doth never stir.
O from a full throat Cryer, if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumbe.
The thundring Cannon from this dreadfull O,
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw.
O utters woes, O doth expresse our joyes,
O wonders shews. O riches, or O toyes.
And O yee women which doe fashions fall,
O ruffe, O gorget, and O farthingall,
And O yee spangles, O ye golden O's
That art upon the rich embroydered throws
Think not we mock, though our dissolcasing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an O to men.
'Tis no disparagement to you ye know,
Since *Ops* the Gods great Grandame bears an O.

Your

Your sexes glory (Fortune) though the male,
Is ever constant to her ○, her wheele,
And you Carroches through the street that glide,
By art of four great ○'s doe help you ride.
When tables full, and cups doe overflow,
Is not each cup, each salt, each dish an ○ ?
What is't that dreadfull makes a Princes frowne,
But that his head bears golden ○ the Crowne ?
Unhappy then th'Arithmatician, and
He that makes ○ a barren Cipher stand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place,
An ○ adds number, with a figures grace ;
And that ○ which for Cypher he doth take,
One dash may easily a thousand make.
But ○ enough, I have done my reader wrong,
Mine ○ was round, and I have made it long.

Pure Nonsence.

When *Neptune*'s blasts, and *Boreas* blazing storms,
When *Tritons* pitchfork cut off *Vulcans* horns,
When *Eolus* boyst'rous Sun-beams grew so dark,
That *Mars* in Moon-shine could not his the mark :
Then did I see the gloomy day of *Troy*,
When poor *Æneas* legiesse ran away,
Who took the torrid Ocean in his hand,
And sailed to them all the way by land :
An horrid fight to see *Achilles* fall,
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.

But

But being dead, and almost in a trance,
He threatned forty thousand with his lance. (fear.
Indeed 'twas like such strange sights then were
An ugly, rough, black Monster all in green.
That all about the white, blew, round, square, sky;
The fixed Starres hung by Geometry.
Juno amazed, and *Jove* surpriz'd with wonder,
Caus'd Heaven to shake, and made the mountains (thunder.
Which caus'd *Æneas* once again retire,
Drown'd *Ætna's* hill, and burnt the Sea with fire.
Nilus for fear to see the Ocean burn,
Went still on forward in a quick return.
Then was that broyle of *Agamemnon's* done,
When trembling *Ajax* to the battell come.
He struck stark dead (they now are living still)
Five hundred mushrooms with his martiall bill.
Nor had himselfe escap'd, as some men say,
If he being dead, he had not run away.
O monstrous, hideous Troops of Dromidaries,
How Bears and Bulls from Monks and Goblins
Nay would not *Charon* yield to *Cerberus*, (varies
But catch'd the Dog, and cut his head off thus:
Pluto rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,
Sought all about, but cou'd not find the fire:
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a spight
They slept at *Acheron*, and wake all night:
Where I let passe to tell their mad bravadoes,
Their meat was tosted cheese and carbonadoes.

Thou-

Thousands of Monsters more besides there be
Which I fast hoodwink'd, at that time did see:
And in a word to shut up this discourse,
A Rudg-gowns ribs are good to spur a horse.

A messe of Non-sense.

Like to the tone of unspoke speeches,
Or like a Lobster clad in logick breeches,
Or like the gray frezze of a crimson cat,
Or like a Moon-calfe in a slipshoor-hat,
Or like a shadow when the Sun is gon,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon:
Even such is man, who never was begotten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchstone of a Cabbage,
Or like a Crablouse with his bag and baggage,
Or like th'abortive issue of a Fizle,
Or the bag-pudding of a Plow-mans whistle,
Or like the foursquare circle of a ring,
Or like the singing of Hey down a ding;
Even such is man, who breathles, without doubt,
Spake to small purpose when his tongue was out.

Like to the green fresh fading Rose,
Or like to Rime or Verse that runs in prose,
Or like the Humbles of a Tinder-box,

Or

Or like a man that's ſound, yet hath the Pox,
Or like a Hob-naile coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preterperfect tenſe:
Even ſuch is man who dy'd, and then did laugh
To ſee ſuch ſtrong lines writ on's Epitaph.

An Encomium.

I ſing the praiſes of a Fart;
That I may do't by rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But butter'd Peaſe & Furmity,
And think their help ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent.
For ſure I muſt not uſe high ſtraines,
For fear it bluſter out in graines:
When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frogs ſtrive for the day
There is no reaſon in my mind,
That a brave Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that you may it parallell
With any thing that doth excell:
Muſick is but a Fart that's ſent
From the guts of an Inſtrument:
The Scholler but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his brains.
And when he has ſpent much pain and oile,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile;

And

to learn the abstracting Art,
What does he get by't? not a fart.
The Souldier makes his foes to run
With but the farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the bullet whistle,
Else 'tis no better then a Fizle:
And if withall the wind doe stir up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but wind, and so are they.
Applause is but a Fart, the crude
Blast of the fickle multitude.
Five boats that lye the *Thames* about,
Be but farts severall Docks let out.
Some of our projects were, I think,
But politick farts, foh how they stink!
As soon as born, they by and by,
Fart-like but onely breath, and dy.
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in taile, and let them both:
Onely the difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower rate.
I'll no say more, for this is right,
That for my Guts I cannot write,
Though I should study all my dayes,
Times that are worth the thing I praise.
What I have said, take in good part,
If not, I doe not care a fart.

The Drunken Humours.



One here is fain to quarrell, and he will }
(If not prevented) this his fellow kill:

He spewes, and frets, and raues; in whose face
Nothing but scarres and honour taketh place.
But being parted, 'mongst odd iests, or wiues,
Makes them all friends again with small adoe.

Another he makes deafe your eare to heare
The vaine tautologies he doth declare;
That, had you as many eares as Argus eyes,
He'd make them weary all with tales, and lyes:
And at the period of each idle fable,
He gives the on-set to our-laugh the Table.

One he sits drinking healths to such a friend,
Then to his Mistris he a health doth send;
This publick Captains health he next doth name,
And then in private to some nasty Queane;
Nothing but healths of loue is his pretence,
Till he himselfe hath lost both health and sense.

To make the number up amongst the crew,
Another being o're-fil'd, begins to spue
Worse then the brutish beast; (O fy upon it!)
It is a qualme forsooth doth cause him vomit.
So that his stomack being ouer-prest,
He must disgorge it, ere he can haue rest.

Here sits one straining of his drunken throat
Beyond all reason, yet far short of note:

Singing in his delights, then hoops and hallows,
Making a Gut-boyle worse then *Vulcans* bellows.
Now for a Coun-ter-tenor he takes place,
But finding that too high, falls to a base.
Then screws his mouth an inch beyond his forme,
To treble it, just like a Gelders-horne:
He's all for singing, and he hates to chide,
Till blushfull *Beechus* cause his tongue be tide.

One like an Ape shews many tricks and toyes,
To leap, and dance, and sing with ruefull noise;
O're the foorme skips, then crosse-legd sits
Upon the Table in his apish fits.
From house to house he rambles in such sort,
That no Baboon could make you better sport:
He pincheth one, another with his wand
He thrusts, or strikeh, or else with his hand:
Pisses the room, and as he sleeping lyes,
Wastes his Couch (not with repenting eyes.)

A seaveneh, he sits mute, as if his tongue
Hid never learn'd no other word but mum;
And with his mouth he maketh mops and mews,
Just like an Ape his face in form he screws:
Then nods with hum, and hah; but not one word
His tongue-tide foolish silence can afford.
To note his gesture, and his snorting after,
'Twould make a Horse break all his girts with (laughter

But

But questionlesse he'd speak more were he able,
Which you shall hear, having well slept at table.

Sir reverence, your stomacke doe prepare
Against some word, or deed, ill-seem'd doth beare.
So this most forced beast being drunk, doth make
The Chamber-pot, and in his hose doth pisse.
Nay, smell but near him, you perhaps may find,
Not onely pis'd before, but —— behind;
Such company loaths him, holding of their noses,
Scorning, and pointing at his filthy hose:
As no condition of a Drunkard's good,
So this surely worst of all the loathsome brood.





The Post of the Signe.

Though it may seem rude
For me to intrude,
With these my Beare by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a King,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
He came from St. *Katherine's*,
Their dancing there,
By the help of mee,
Who am the post of the Signe.

We sell good ware,
And we need not care,
Though Court and Country knew it;
Our Ale's o'th best:
And each good guest
Prayes for their soules that brew it.

For any Alehouse,
We care not a Louse,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
Nor the *Devill* can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes hither agen,
The liquor is so mighty:
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our Ale;
And is burns like Aqua-vitæ.

To a ſtranger there,
If any appeare,
Where ever before he has bin;
We ſhew th'Iron gate,
The wheele of St. *Kate*,
And the place where they firſt fell in.

The wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our tapping,
And fill our Ale deare;
And there ſit and drink,
Till they ſpue and ſlink,
And often piſſe out the fire.

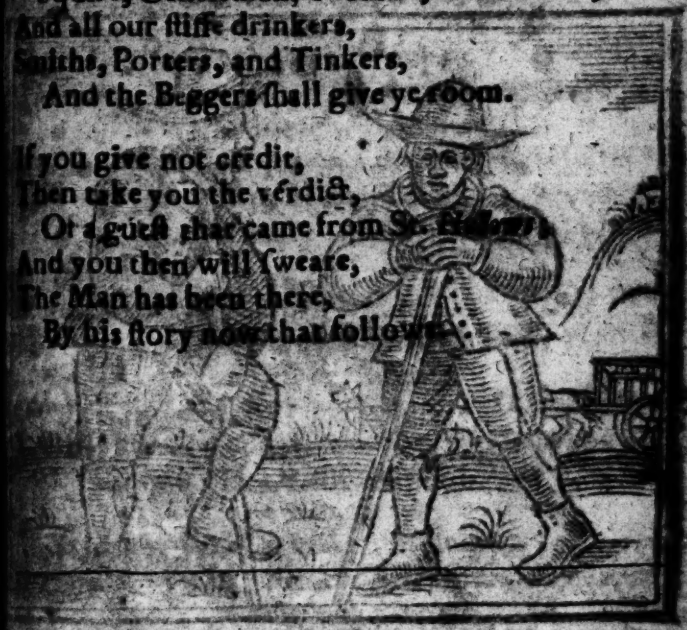
From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They ſit and never grudge it;
Till the Fiſh-wives joyne
Their ſingle coyne,
And the Tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or bladders doe ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden;
My Lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And their handmaid with a Jourden.

From

From Court we invite,
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentleman, Yeoman, and Groom,
And all our stiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggers shall give ye room.

If you give not credit,
Then take you the verdict,
Of a guest that came from St. [illegible],
And you then will sweare,
The Man has been there,
By his story now that follows.



A Ballad

A Ballade.



A Discourse between two Country-men.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh things beyond compare!

Such

Such fights against cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at Wake or Faire.

At Charing-Crosse, hard by the way
Where we (thou knowst it) do sell our Hay,
There is a House with Stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such volk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him
Should he go clothed in dress.

At Course-a-Park, at choice all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i'th Town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The Parson for him stay'd:
Yet

Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much with all past
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a Maid no Widson-Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look't like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But Dick she dances such a way!
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice
She would not do't in sight,

And

d then she looke as who would say
will doe what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

r cheeks so rare a white was on,
Dazy make comparison
(Who sees them is undone)
or streaks of red were mingled there,
ch as are on a Katherine Peare,
The side that's next the Sun.)

r lips were red, and one was thin
compar'd to Heat was next her chin;
(Some Bee had stung it newly)
(*Dick*) her eyes so guard her face,
durit no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in *July*.

r mouth so small when she does speak,
thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get,
ut she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

rthing should be any sin
e Parson himselfe had guilty bin,
(She looke that day so purely)

And

And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) besides the Bride.
The businesse of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each Serving-man with dish in hand,
Marcht boldly up like our Train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The Bride-cake came thick and thick;

And

And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, *Dick?*)

O'th sudain up they rise and dance;
Then sit againe, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance againe and kisse:
Thus sev'rall wayes the time did passe,
Whil'st every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all were stolne aside,
To councell and undresse the Bride;
But that he must not know:
But 'twas thought he ghest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an houre or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay
Like new-fain snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kisses were now the onely stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
God B'w'y'! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to crosse it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Posset:
The Bridegroom eat in spight;

For

For had he left the women to't
It would have cost two houres to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done, they doe:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

The Good Fellow.

When shall we meet again to have a taste
Of that transcendent Ale we drank of last?
What wild ingredient did the woman chose
To make her drink withall? it made me lose
My wit, before I quencht my thirst; there came
Such whimsies in my brain, and such a flame
Of fiery drunkennesse had sing'd my nose,
My beard shrunk in for fear; there were of those
That took me for a Comet, some afar
Distant remote, thought me a blazing star;
The earth me thought, just as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling course of merriment.
My head was ever drooping, and my nose
Offering to be a suiter to my toes.

My

My pock-hole face, they say, appear'd to some,
Just like a dry and burning Honey-comb.
My tongue did swim in Ale, and joy'd to boast
It selfe a greater Sea-man then the coast.
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whipper in mine eare.
My guts were mines of sulphur; and my set
Of parched teeth, struck fire as they met.
Nay, when I pist, my Urine was so hoe,
It burnt a hole quite through the Chamber-pot:
Each Brewer that I met, I kiss'd, and made
Suit to be bound apprentice to the Trade:
One did approve the motion, when he saw,
That my own legs could my Indentures draw.
Well Sir, I grew stark mad, as you may see,
By this adventure upon Poetry.
You easily may guesse, I am not quite,
Grown sober yet, by these weak lines I write:
Onely I do't for this, to let you see,
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm sur's paid me.

Canto, *In the praise of Sack.*

Listen all I pray,
To the words I have to say,
In memory sure insert um;
Rich Wines doe us raise
To the honour of Bayes,
Quem non fecere disertum?

Of all the juice,
Which the Gods produce,
Sack shall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis Sack that shall
Create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale,
And Beer that is stale,
Rosa-solis, and damnable hum;
But we will rack
In the praise of Sack,
Gainst *Quane quod exit in um.*

This is the wine,
Which in former time,
Each wise one of the Magi
Was wont to carouse
In a frolick blouse,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
And a rope be their shame
Let the gout and collick pin um,
That offer to shrink,
In taking their drink,
Seu Graecum, seu Latinum.

Let the glasse goe round,
Let the quart-pot sound,
Let each one doe as he's done do:
Avaunt yee that hugge
The abominable Jugge,
Amongst us *Heteroclita* iunta.

There's no such disease,
As he that doth please
His palate with Beer for to shame us:
'Tis Sack makes us sing,
Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
Or doth poorly dispute,
That drinks ought else but wine O,
The more wine a man drinks,
Like a subtile Sphinx
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our soules,
By the lowsie bowles
Of Beer that doth nought but fat us,
Doe goe into swine,
(*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)
Non vos mutastis & illos.

When I've Sack in my brains,
I'm in a merry vein,
And this to me a blisse is:
Him that is wise,
I can justly despise:
Mecum confertur Ulysses?

How it cheers the brains,
How it warms the veins,
How against all crosses it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor,
Courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his tale;
By Sack he that waxes
In our Syntaxes,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame?
Call for Sack, that will have it;
'Twill make thee rise,
And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We

We have frolick [illegible]
We have merry goe downs,
[illegible] nothing [illegible] name,
For when we are to pay,
We club and away,
Et est commune nefandum.

The blades that want cash,
Have credit for trash,
They'll have Sack whatever it cost um,
They doe not pay,
Till another day,
Planet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'r fails to drink,
All clear from the brink,
With a smooth and even swallow,
I'll offer at his shrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
And never hath his fill,
Hath a passage like a Conduit,
The Sack doth inspire,
In rapture and fire,
Sic ether ardens findit.

When you merrily quaffe,
If any doe off,
And then from you needs will part the,
Give their nose a twitch,
And kick them in the britch,
Non compotentur ab asse.

I have told you plain,
And tell you again,
Be he furious as *Orlando*,
He is an asse,
That from hence doth passe,
Nisi bibit ad vbia fiendo.

The vertue of Sack.

Fetch me *Ben Johnsons* scull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly fitters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no sin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weaknesse in the wine,
There's vertue in the Cup to mak't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taste too much
Of earth, the Maulc retains a sourvy touch
Of the dull hand that sowes it; and I fear
There's heresie in hops; give Block-heads beer,
And silly *Ignoramus*, such as think
There's Powder-treason in all *Spanish* drink.

Call

All Sack an Idoll ; we will kille the Cup,
For fear the Conventickle be blown up
With superstition ; away with Brew-house alms,
Whose best mirth is the ballings Beer, & qualms.
Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary ! it's thou that dost inspire
And actuate the soule with heavenly fire.
Thou that sublim'st the Genius-making wit,
Scorn earth, and such as love, or live by it.
Thou mak'st us Lords of Regions large and faire,
Whilst our conceits build Castles in the aire:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'll know no element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,
Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,
And doe esteem my venerable selfe
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk;
And change the gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And so by consequence till rich *Spaines* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine:
And when my braines are once afoot (heaven blesse
I think my self a better man then *Cræsus*.

And now I goe comend my selfe a Judge,
And coughing lough to fit my Gillons trudge
After my Lord-Major: Goe's unto the Hall
For Justice, and am full of Law withall,
And doe become the Bench as well as he
That fed long time for want of honestie:
But I'll be judge no longer, though it sit
For fear I should be take with like the rest,
When I am sober: who can chuse but think
Me wise, that am so wary in my drink?
Oh admirable Sack! heere's dainty sport,
I am come back from *Westminster* to Court;
And am grown young again: my Prittick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is smooth'd; and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When the invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry bosome: I could win
A Vestall now, or tempt a Queen to sin.
Oh for a score of Queens! you'd laugh to see,
How they would strive which first should ravish me:
Three Goddesses were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* tipt
From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kisse
Faire *Helen*, and invite a fairer blisse:
Mine is *Congree-Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone,
Strong with ammument, burning with loves fire;
Hard to the touch, but short in her desire.

Inesti-

Inestimable Sack-potion made so rich,
Wise, amorous, any thing; I here an Ale
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy sake;
If I be once inflam'd against thy foes
That would preach down thy worth in final verse
I shall doe miracles as bad, or worse,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horses
T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charls* his enemies, or Sacks:
Let it be full, if I doe chance to spill
Over my Standish by the way, I will
Dipping in this divineer Ink, my pen,
Write my selfe sober, and fall to't agen.

The Answer of Ale *to the Challenge of* Sack.

COme, all you brave wights,
That are dubbed Ale-knights
Now set out your selves in sight:
And let them that crack
In the praises of Sack,
Know *Malt* is of mickle might.
Though Sack they define
To holy divine,

Yet

Yet it is but naturall liquor:
Ale hath for its part
An addition of art,
To make it drink thinner or thicker.
Sacke fiery fume
Doth waft and transfume
Mens *humidum radicale*;
It scalds their livers,
It breeds bursting feavers,
Proves *vinum venenum reale*.
But History gathers,
From aged fore-fathers,
That Ale's the true liquor of life:
Men liv'd long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whilst Barley-broth onely was rife.
Sack quickly ascends,
And suddenly ends
What company came for at first:
And that which yet worse is,
It empties mens purses
Before it halfe quencheth their thirst.
Ale is not so costly,
Although that she most lye
Too long by the Oyle of Barley,
Yet may they part late
At a reasonable rate,
Though they came in the morning early.

Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of swords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whilst dagger-ale barrels
Bear off many quarrels,
And often turne chiding to laughing.
Sack's drink for our Masters:
All may be Ale-taffera:
Good things the more common the better.
Sack's but single broth:
Ale's meat, drink, and cloth,
Say they that know never a letter.
But not to entangle
Old friends till they wrangle,
And quarrell for other mens pleasure;
Let Ale keep his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the due measure.

The Triumph of Tobacco *over* Sack *and* Ale.

NAy, soft, by your leaves,
Tobacco bereaves
You both of the Garland: forbear it.
You are two to one,
Yet Tobacco alone

Is

Is like both to win it, and wear it.
Though many men crack,
Some of Ale, some of Sack,
And think they have reason to doe it:
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they doe unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poore as well as the wealthy.
From the Court to the Cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick and the healthy.
It plainly appears
That in a few years
Tobacco more custome hath gained,
Then Sack, or then Ale,
Though the double the sale
Of the times, wherein they have reigned.
And worthily too,
For what they undoe
Tobacco doth help to regaine,
On fairer conditions,
Then many Physitians,
Puts an end to much grief and paine.
It helpeth digestion,
Of that there's no question,
The gout, and the toothach, it catcheth

M

His early, or late,
He never can date.
He may boldly take it that pleaseth.
Tobacco prevents
Infection by Scents,
That hurt the brain, and are heady.
An Antidote is,
Before you'r assaild,
As well as an after remedy.
The cold it doth heat,
Cools them that do sweat,
And them that are fat maketh leane:
The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent spirits restoreth again.
Tobacco infused
May safely be used
For purging, and killing of lice:
Not so much as the ashes
But heals cuts and slashes,
And that out of hand, in a trice.
The Poets of old,
Many fables have told,
Of the Gods and their Sympofia:
But Tobacco alone,
Had they known it, had gone
For their Nectar and Ambrosia.
It is not the smack

Of

Of Ale, as of Sack
That can with Tobacco compare;
For cake, and for nuts,
It bears away the bell
From them both where ever they are.
For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado
That both their noses will wipe
Of the proudest they come,
Unlesse they conspire
To sing to the sins of his pipe.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas.

A Farewell to Sack.

Farewell thou thing, time past so true and dear
To me, as blood to life, and spirit, and near,
Nay thou more near then kindred, friend, or wife
Male to the female, soule to the body, life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the yet chaft, and undefiled Bride.
These and a thousand more could never be
More near, more dear, then thou wert once to me:
'Tis thou above, that with thy mystick fain
Worth'st more then Wisdome, art, or Nature can
To raise the holy madnesse, and awake

The frost bound-blood and spirits, and to make
Them frantick with thy rapture, stretching
The soule like lightning, & as active too. (through
But why, why doe I longer gaze upon
Thee, with the eye of admiration,
When I must leave thee, and inforc'd must say,
To all thy witching beauties, Goe away!
And if thy whispering looks do ask me, why?
Know then, 'tis Nature biddeth thee hence, not I;
'Tis her erroneous selfe hath form'd my brain,
Incapable of such a Soverain,
As is thy powerfull selfe; I prethee draw in
Thy gazing fires, lest at their light the sin
Of fierce Idolatry shoot into me, and
I turn Apostate to the strict command
Of Nature; bid me now farewell, or smile
More ugly, lest thy tempting looks beguile (thee,
My vows pronounc'd in zeal, ne'r thus much love
That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee
As others drink thee boldly, and desire
Thee, and their lips espous'd, while I admire
And love, but yet not tast thee: let my Muse
Faile of thy former helps, and onely use
Her inadulterate strength, whats done by me,
Shall smell hereafter of the Lamp, not thee.

A fit of Rime against Rime.

Rime the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits True

Spoyling it full of their crudities,
Confounding judgements with a measure,
But false weight.
Wresting words from their true calling,
Propping Verse for fear of falling
To the ground.
Joynting Syllables, drowning letters,
Falling vowels, as with fetters
They were bound.
Soon as lazie thou wer't known,
All good Poetry hence was flown,
And art banish'd.
For a thousand years together,
All *Parnassus* green did wither,
And wit vanish'd.
Pegasus did fly away,
Nor the Muse did stay,
But betray'd,
So to see the fountaine dry,
And *Apollo's* Musick dye;
All light fail'd:
Starveling Rimes did fill the Stage,
Not a Poet in an age
Worth crowning,
Not a work deserving Bayes,
Nor a line deserving praise;
Pallas frowning.

Greek was free from Rimes infection,
Happy Greek by this protection
Was not spoyled.
Whilst the Latine, Queen of Tongues,
Is not freed from Rimes wrongs,
But sore foiled.
Scarce the hill againe doth flourish,
Scarce the wood a shade doth nourish,
To retire,
Phebus to his Groves resorts,
And the Muses to their sports,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and fweetneffe, and be scant
Of true measure,
Fynst Rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other ceasure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever.
Still may syllables joyn with time,
Still may reason war with rime,
Resting never.
May his sense when is would meet,
The cold numbnesse in his feet,
Grow to founder,
And his title be long foole,

That in rearing such a Schoole,
Was the Founder.

A Letany.

From a proud Woodcock, and a peevish wife,
A pointlesse Needle, and a broken Knife,
From lying in a Ladies lap,
Like a great foole that longs for pap,
And from the fruit of the three corner'd tree,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From a conspiracy of wicked knaves,
A knot of villains, and a crew of slaves,
From laying plots for to abuse a friend,
From working humors to a wicked end,
And from the wood where Wolves and Foxes
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From restie Bacon, and ill rosted Eeles,
And from a madding wife that runs on wheeles,
A vap'ring humour, and a beetle-head,
A smoky chimney, and a lowsie bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of these, goodnesse deliver me.

From setting vertue at too low a price,
From loving too much coyn at Cards and Dice.

From surety-ships, and from an empty purse,
Or any thing that may be made worse;
From all such ill, wherein no good can be,
Vertue and goodness still defend me.

From a foole, and serious toyes,
From a Lawyer three parts knave,
From impertinence like a Drum
Beat at dinner in his room,
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of *Phrases* and no stile,
From a Fiddler out of tune,
As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*,
From a Lady that doth breath
Worse above, then underneath,
From the bristles of a Hog,
Or the ring-worm in a Dog,
From the courtship of a dryer,
Or St. *Anthonies* old fire,
From the mercy of some Taylors,
From the long bills of all Taylors,
From Parasites that will stroak us,
From morsells that will choak us,
From all such as purses cut,
From a filthy durty slut,
From Canters and great eaters,
From Patentees and Cheaters,
From men with reason tainted,

From women which are painted,
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,
From rotten Cheese, and addle Eggs,
From broken shins, and gowty Leggs,
From a Pudding bag no end,
From bad men that never mend,
From the Counter or the Fleet,
From doing penance in a sheet,
From Jesuites, Monks, and Fryers,
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls, and Masses,
From Bug-bears, and broken Glasses,
From *Spanish* Pensions, and their spies,
From weeping Cheese with *Argus* eyes,
From forain foes invasions,
From Papisticall perswasions,
From private gain, by publick losse,
From coming home by weeping crosse,
From all these I say agen,
Heaven deliver me, Amen.

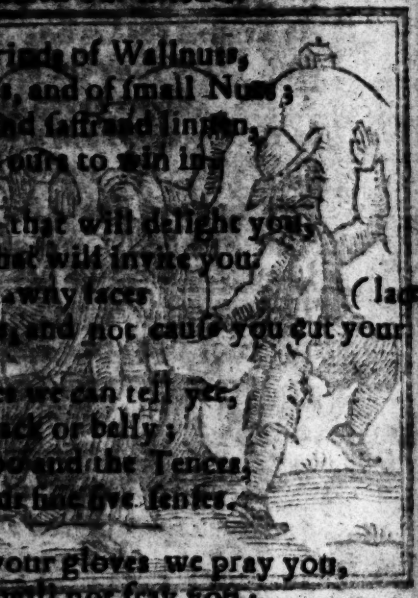
The Copper.



The Captain sings.

FRom the famous *Peake of Darby*,
And the *Devill-arse* there hard-by,
Where we yearly keep our Mulkers,
Thus the *Ægyptians* throng in clusters.

Be not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seem a tattered Nation;
We account our rags, our riches,
So our Tricks exceed our stitches.



Give us Bacon, rinds of Wallnuts,
Shells of Cockels, and of small Nuts;
Ribands, bells, and saffroned linnen,
All the world is ours to win in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slights of hand that will invite you;
To endure our tawny faces (laces.
Quit your places, and not cause you cut your

All your fortunes we can tell yee,
Be they for the back or belly;
In the Moods too and the Tenses,
That may fit your humours fancies.

Draw but then your gloves we pray you,
And be still, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at *Burley*,
Wee'd be loath to make a hurley.

Another singes.

Stay my dear Singer,
At touch of thy finger,
A little and linger;

For

For me that am brought
Of bound to the border,
The rule and Recorder,
And mouth of the order,
As Prist of the Game,
And Prelate of the same,
There's a Gentry Coat here,
Is the top of the shiere,
Of the Bever Key,
A man among men;
You need not to feare,
I have an eye, and an eare
That turns here and there,
To look to our geare.
Some say that there be,
One or two, if not three,
That are greater then he.
And for the *Rome-Rarii*,
I know by their Ports
And their jolly resorts
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of King *Ptolomeus*,
Or great *Coriphæus*,
And Queen *Cleopatra*,
The *Gypsies* grand *Mayd*.
Then if we shall shark it,
Here Faire is, and Market.

Leave Pig, Py and Goose,
And play fast and loose,
A short cut and long,
Some inch of a Song,
Pythagoras lot,
Drawn out of a pot,
With what says *Alkindus*
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de Indagine
With all their *Regine*,
Of faces and Palmestrie,
And this is *Allmysterie*.
Lay by your Wimbles,
Your boring for Thimbles,
Or using your nimbles,
In diving the Pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of Simper the Cocker;
Or angling the purses,
Of such as will curse us;
But in the strict durill
Be merry, and cruell,
Strike faire at some Jewell
That mine may accrew well
For that is the fuell
To make the Tavne brew well,
And the Pot swing well,
And the Bratle sing well,

Which we may bring well
About by a fling well,
And doe the thing well.
It is but a braine
Of true legerdemaine,
Once twice and againe,
Or what will you lay now?
If with our fine play now,
Our knack and our dancing,
We work on the Fancies
Of some of your Nancies.
These tripckets, and trifles,
And make 'em turn Gypsies.
Here's no Justice *Lippus*
Will seek for to nip us,
In *Cramp-ring* or *Gyves*,
And then for to strip us,
And after to whip us.
His justice to vary,
While here we doe tarry
But be wise, and wary
And we may both carry
The *Kate* and the *Mary*,
And all the bright array,
Away to the Quarry.
Or durst I goe further
In method and order,
There's a Purse and a Scale,

I have

I have a great mind to scale,
That when our tricks are done,
We might scale our own pardon;
All this we may do;
And a great deal more too,
If our brave *Diolomee*,
Will but say follow me.

To those that would be Gypsies too.

FRiends how to refell ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I onely must tell ye,
Ye aim at a Mystery
Worthy a History;
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a Sonne,
Or brother of the Moone.
'Tis not so soone
Acquir'd as desir'd,
You must be *Ben-bousie*,
And sleepy and drowsie,
And lasie, and lowsie,
Before ye can rouse ye,
In shape that arowse ye,
And then you may talk
The *Gypsies* walk;

To the Coops and the Pens
And bring in the Hens,
Though the Cocks be ſullen
For loſſe of the *Pullen*;
Take Turkie, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon,
Let nought be forſaken;
We'l let you goe looſe
Like a Fox to a Gooſe,
And ſhew you the ſtye
Where the little Pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreams,
But by the Moon beams;
So warily hie,
As neither doe cry,
You ſhall the next day
Have licenſe to play
At the hedge, a ſhirt
For a ſheet or a ſhirt;
If your hand be light,
I'le ſhew you the ſlight
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
It is, and 'tis not.
To change your complexion
With the noble confection

Of Westminster and Hungerford,
Becaus[illegible]
And [illegible]
Ere the [illegible]
Hath opened her eine,
Or if you desire
To spie, or fart fire,
Ile teach you the knacks,
Of eating of flax,
And out of their nose,
Draw ribbands and poses,
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine,
When you sup or dine,
If you chance it to lack,
Be it Claret or Sack;
Ile make this snout,
To deale it about,
Or this to run out,
As it were from a spout.

A Farewell



A Farewell to Folly.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles,
Farewell, ye honor'd rags, ye chrisall bubles;
Fame's but a hollow Eccho; Gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling, but of one hours day;
Beauties chief Idoll, but a damask skin;
State, but a golden Prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; imbroydred traine,
But goodly Pageants; proudly swelling vaine,
And blood alai'd to greatnesse, is but leane,
Inherited, not purchas'd, not our owne.
Fame, Riches, Honour, Beauty, State, Traine, Birth,
Are but the fading blessings of the Earth,
I would be rich, but see man too unkinde,
Digs in the bowels of the richest Mine.

I would be great, but yet the Sun doth still
Levell his beams against the rising hill.
I would be faire, but see the Champion proud,
The worlds faire eye, oft setting in a cloud.
I would be wise, but that the Fox I see
Suspected guilty, when the Fox is free.
I would be poor, but see the humble grasse
Trampled upon, by each unworthy asse.
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; faire, tempted; high, still envide more.
Would the world then, adopt me for her heire;
Would beauties Queen, entitle me the faire;
Fame, speak me honours Minion; and could I
With *Indian*-Angels, and a speaking eye, (dumbe,
Command base hands, bow'd knees, strike Justice
As well as blind, and lame, and give a tongue,
To fame; by Epitaphs; be call'd great Master
In the loose lines of every Poetaster;
Could I be more, then any man that lives;
Great, Wise, Rich, Faire, all in superlatives;
Yea these favours, would more free resigne,
Then ever fortune, would have had them mine.
I count one minute of my holy leasure,
Beyond the mirth of all this earthly pleasure.
Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye carelesse groves,
These are my guests, this is the Court we love.
The winged people of the skies shall sing
Me Anthems, by my fellers gentle spring.

Divi-

Divinity shall be my Looking-glasse,
Wherein I will admire Sweet vertues face.
Here dwels no heartlesse love, no pale-fac'd fears,
No short joyes purchast with eternall teares.
Here will I sit and sigh my hot youths folly;
And learn to affect an holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger, then
I'le ne'r look for it but in heaven again.

An Invitation to the Reader.

HAving now fed thy youthfull fancies, with theſe Juvenilian Fancies; let me invite thee (with my ſelfe) to ſing *Allons pete.* And then to meet with this thy noble reſolution; I would commend to thy ſharpeſt view and ſerious conſideration; The Sweet Cæleſtiall ſacred Poems by Mr. *Henry Vaughan*, intituled *Silex Scintillans.*

There plumes from Angels wings, he'l lend thee,
Which every day to heaven will ſend thee.

(Heare him thus invite thee home.)

If thou wouldſt thither, linger not,
Catch at the place,
All youth, and beauty, they muſt rot,
They'r but a Caſe:
Looſe, parcell'd hearts will freeze; the Sun
With

FANCIES.

1654.